MARVEL MAGAZINES

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE™

“For my first six months on the show, Tom completely ignored me.”

John Nathan-Turner

on Television, Time Lords and Tom Baker

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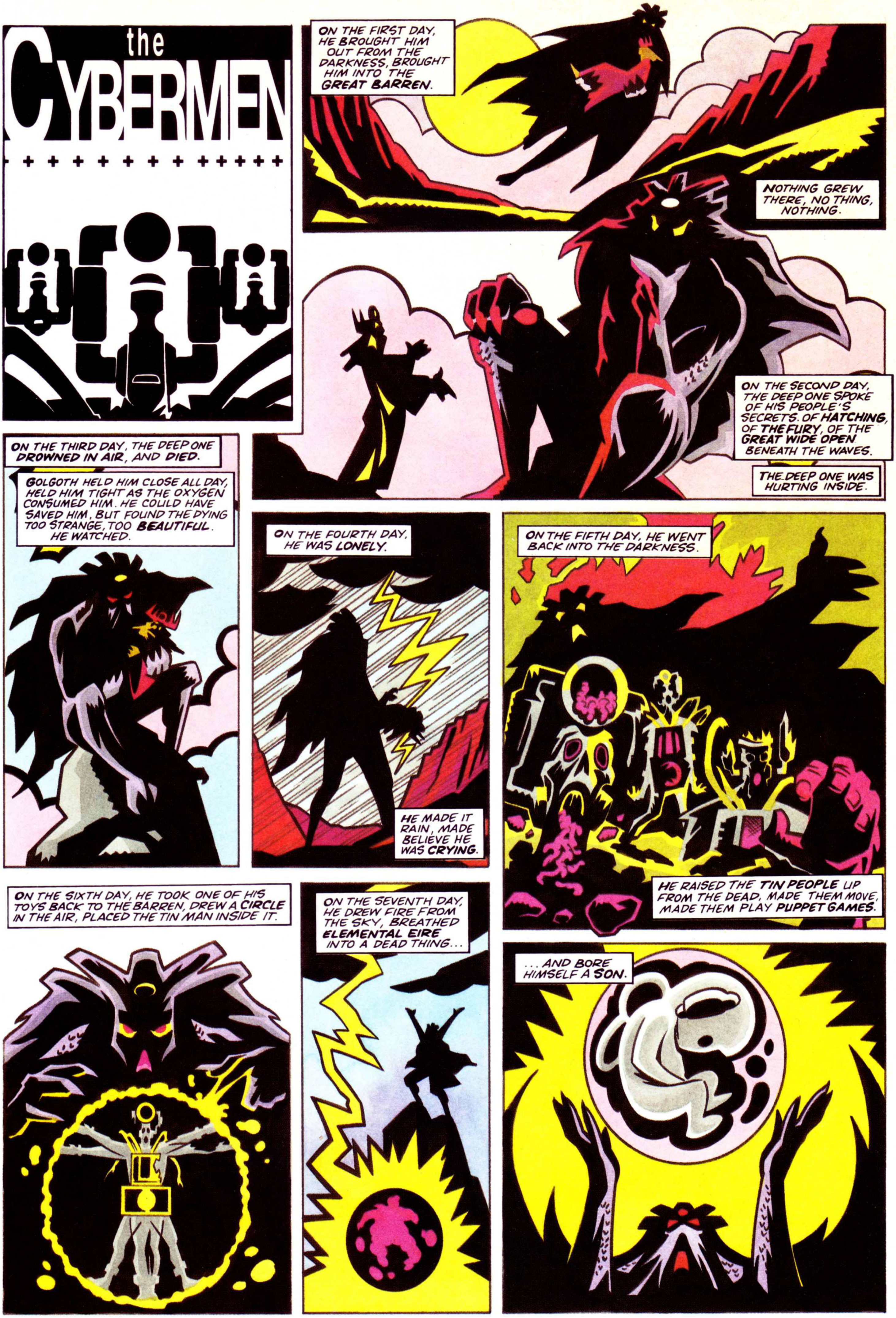
the CYBERMEN


ON THE FIRST DAY, HE BROUGHT HIM OUT FROM THE DARKNESS, BROUGHT HIM INTO THE **GREAT BARREN**.
NOTHING GREW THERE, NO THING, NOTHING.
ON THE SECOND DAY, THE DEEP ONE SPOKE OF HIS PEOPLE'S SECRETS. OF **HATCHING**, OF **THE FURY**, OF THE **GREAT WIDE OPEN** BENEATH THE WAVES.
THE DEEP ONE WAS HURTING INSIDE.
ON THE THIRD DAY, THE DEEP ONE **DROWNED IN AIR**, AND **DIED**.
GOLGOTH HELD HIM CLOSE ALL DAY, HELD HIM TIGHT AS THE OXYGEN CONSUMED HIM. HE COULD HAVE SAVED HIM, BUT FOUND THE DYING TOO STRANGE, TOO **BEAUTIFUL**. HE WATCHED.
ON THE FOURTH DAY, HE WAS **LONELY**.
HE MADE IT RAIN, MADE BELIEVE HE WAS **CRYING**.
ON THE FIFTH DAY, HE WENT BACK INTO THE DARKNESS.
HE RAISED THE **TIN PEOPLE** UP FROM THE DEAD, MADE THEM MOVE, MADE THEM PLAY **PUPPET GAMES**.
ON THE SIXTH DAY, HE TOOK ONE OF HIS TOYS BACK TO THE BARREN, DREW A **CIRCLE** IN THE AIR, PLACED THE TIN MAN INSIDE IT.
ON THE SEVENTH DAY, HE DREW FIRE FROM THE SKY, BREATHED **ELEMENTAL EIRE** INTO A DEAD THING...
...AND BORE HIMSELF A **SON**.

When I was at a convention this year, I asked some of the attendees – all confirmed *Doctor Who* fans – what the name 'John Nathan-Turner' meant to them. Here are some of the responses I received:

"*He destroyed the series. He didn't understand it and ran it like a light entertainment show. He should have been working on* The Generation Game, *not* Doctor Who."

"He did Season Eighteen, which was the best, and Season Twenty-Three, which was the worst."

"*He was a good manager and a good producer, but he employed some terrible people behind-the-scenes. All the blame for bad scripts or bad casting got laid at his door. Yes, he has ultimate responsibility, but no-one ran hate campaigns against script-editors or directors. He was treated unfairly, and even though I wasn't a fan at the time, I almost feel guilty.*"

"He brought Sylvester McCoy in, he must be brilliant."

"*He should never have listened to the fans.* Doctor Who *started being about* Doctor Who *too much, if you know what I mean – old enemies coming back every two minutes, just because that's what the fans wanted. It couldn't have made any sense to the average viewer. The fans were the last people he should have talked to.*"

"It seems clear now that he was trapped on *Doctor Who*, which he can't be blamed for. It he didn't stay with it, I think the BBC would have cancelled it long before they did. I'd like to thank him for that."

Whatever we think of the man or his work – and believe me, I have very clear opinions of my own on the subject – it is an undeniable fact that John Nathan-Turner is, apart from those who created the show, the single most important figure in the series' entire production history. When I joined *DWM* as editor, I quickly became conscious of the challenge to provide new material and new facts every issue, and I was equally aware that many of the most interesting unanswered questions about the show pertain to his ten-year period as producer. I realised that a traditional *DWM* interview, even a three-parter, wouldn't even begin to scratch the surface of the material. So I made contact with John and invited him to write for us, to tell the story as he sees it, and to capture the feeling of what it was like to work on *Doctor Who* during the Eighties. The above quotes demonstrate the complex relationship between *Doctor Who*'s fans and its longest-serving producer. This new series of features may delight you, it may irritate you, but the one thing it *won't* do is bore you . . .

Gary

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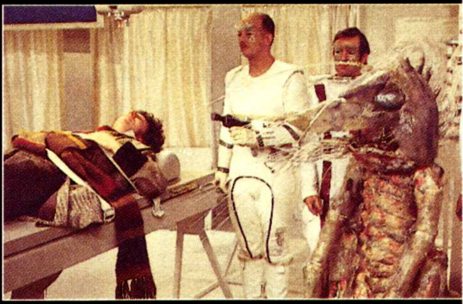

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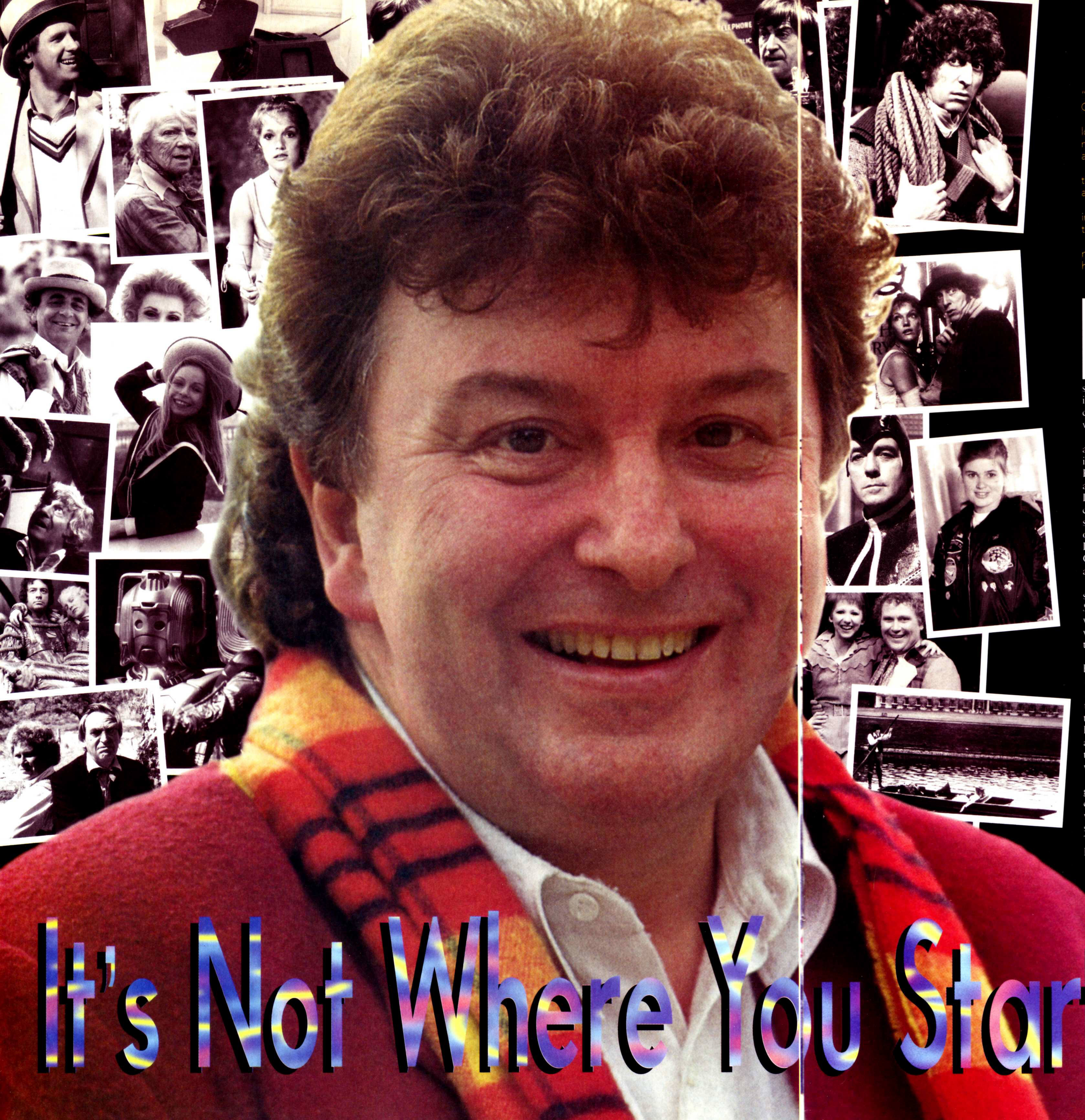
It's Not Where You Start . . .



"Once upon a time . . ." No, that won't do! "Last night I dreamt I went to Mandalay again . . ." No, no, no! Oh, I give up.

As you can probably tell, it is a long time since I wrote an article for **Doctor Who Magazine**, and even longer since I was interviewed about my work on the programme. Inevitably, the Marvel interviews were mainly focussed on the particular season being made at the time, and there was little opportunity to look back at the broader picture of my involvement with the show.

When I was invited to write a series of articles about my life as *Doctor Who* viewer, floor assistant, production unit manager and producer, I was hesitant. But as I now begin, the memories come flooding back and it all feels like yesterday. In some ways I wish it were – in others, I'm glad it's all over.

I shall attempt to give a personal and detailed account of the time I spent on the programme that is forever implanted in my memory, and I'm sure on yours. Of course, the memory often cheats, but I shall do my best to recall it all, and I shall try to give you an insight into my fears, frustrations, likes, dislikes, loves and hates.

The editor asked that this first article form an introduction to the main series of features – which begins next month – where I shall guide you, season-by-season, through my work as *Doctor Who*'s producer. But for now, here's a chance to get to know me a little better, and learn about my early work on your favourite series . . .

I watched *Doctor Who* from the beginning. It was part of the family ritual of our Saturday evenings. I am an only child, and in those days television was particularly important to me, as all my friends came from large families. I envied the camaraderie that they shared with their brothers and sisters, and in some ways *Doctor Who*, along with a few other shows I liked at the time, became an enormously important part of my life, and yes, my family. This is quite a contrast to the rather jaundiced and over-critical view I have of most programmes now.

I was born and raised in the Midlands and I started acting at the age of eight. My first role was as a squirrel in a church play! Much of my education at King Edward VI school in Birmingham was dominated by appearances in school plays and revues, and by the time I reached the sixth form I was producing, directing, choreographing, writing and devising, not to mention starring in, the sixth form revues, as well as productions of Moliere's *Le Medecin Malgre Lui* and a pantomime. I appeared in anything and everything I could, from Gogol's *The Government Inspector* to William Saroyan's *Sam, The Highest Jumper of Them All*.

While still at school I had also registered as a television extra and worked on such shows as *The Flying Swan*, *The Newcomers*, *United* and *Crossroads* – which I had found fascinating – until the headmaster's wife saw me on TV two nights in succession, and I was told it had to stop.

I intended to go to university to study for a degree before pursuing a career as an actor. Hull University offered me a place to read Drama and German, subject to my achieving certain grades in my A-level examinations. I was one grade lower than required in one of my three subjects and, as a result, I was offered a place at Hull but to read Drama and Theology, the latter being a subject in which I had little interest. After much thought I turned down the place and started looking for work in the theatre, much to my parents' disgust.

I was constantly being told that I'd "starve in a garret". After a stint as a stage manager in a huge nightclub in Birmingham called The Castaways, above which ATV's *Crossroads* was rehearsed, I managed to secure a job as assistant stage manager at the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham. The leading lady was Janet Hargreaves, who later appeared in *The Greatest Show In The Galaxy*. My salary was ten guineas a week, with the promise of occasional acting opportunities which would result in an additional two guineas a week when performing.

I recall being so exhausted from my stage management responsibilities getting the play *No Fear or Favour* to open on time, that I actually fell asleep on stage during an extremely lengthy courtroom scene, in which I played the court policeman!

During this period I met both Graham Williams and Bill Sellars, both of whom were to feature strongly in my later career. While I was 'resting', Graham actually got me some work at the BBC Gosta Green Studios for a couple of months, working with his wife-to-be, Jackie, in the Costume Department. I'm sure it was this first foray into television production that made me determined to work in the industry, especially as I was beginning to realise that I wasn't a very good actor. It took me quite a while to be totally convinced, however. To be frank, it was a newspaper review shredding my performance in *Treasure Island* which finally made me decide my career might lie off-stage rather than on.

While doing a season at Cheltenham Everyman Theatre as senior stage manager/actor, I re-met Tony Cornish, the former producer of the BBC's *United*, a soap-opera about a football team. Tony produced both TV and radio programmes and had come to 'Chelters' to discuss the recording of two plays for radio. The artistic director, Michael Ashton, gave me a tremendously flattering build-up before I joined the two of them to discuss the logistics of what was being planned. So flattering, in fact, that Tony suggested I apply to the BBC for a general exploratory interview and mention his name. I was astounded to get a reply by return of post and to discover that there was a four-month contract as a floor assistant available, and more astounded when I heard I'd been successful at the interview a couple of weeks later. I left the Everyman Theatre in Cheltenham and headed for the bright lights of Shepherd's Bush!

Three months after I started with the BBC, I had my first encounter with the Doctor. Patrick Troughton's Doctor to be precise, in *The Space Pirates*. The atmosphere at rehearsal in a dingy church hall in North London was great fun, but when it came to the studio recordings at Lime Grove, I hated it! The pressure to get the programme recorded allowed little time for the antics of Pat, Wendy Padbury and Fraser Hines who were all quite outrageous at rehearsal. Worse still, the dressing rooms were situated on the ground and basement floors and the studio was on the fourth! I seemed to spend my entire time running up and down the stairs to call the cast, as the tiny lift was constantly occupied by the late-night current affairs personnel using the studio next door. If I'd been at the BBC for a few months longer, I would have gone into my manager and requested never, ever, to do a *Doctor Who* again! However, as I was still working my way through my first contract, I thought I'd better remain silent. Nevertheless it was an enormous thrill to be on the set of a programme I had watched and adored when younger, and I was surprised at how good the TV cameras made the rather tatty sets and costumes look.

Michael Hart, the director of *The Space Pirates*, was an ebullient lion of a man, and when the recording moved to Ealing Film Studios to blow up a set that couldn't be done in the TV studio, I was specially

Above: John Nathan-Turner makes an early stage appearance in *The Clandestine Marriage.*

Right: John Ringham and Jon Pertwee run through a scene for the camera rehearsal of *Colony in Space.* Photo © BBC

requested onto the production by him (normally floor assistants weren't allocated to location or stage work). Ealing was much less pressured and the rehearsal room atmosphere returned, much to my relief. The dressing rooms were also on the same floor as the stage! I distinctly remember that much of the dialogue of that great actor Gordon Gostelow was virtually inaudible, as he appeared to mumble through the lines, but it was absolutely not my place to volunteer the opinion.

The Ambassadors of Death was my next *Doctor Who* experience . . . full-colour and studio recording at TV Centre – now this was more like it! Jon Pertwee struck me initially as being very grand indeed. The studio had extended tea-breaks whilst the floor manager/production assistant constantly nagged me to hurry Jon up – he always had his hair washed and styled at this time. Apparently he wasn't prepared to give up part of his supper break to achieve the Pertwee coiffure. Very grand indeed!

Colour TV was still in its infancy in this country and there was a preoccupation with the artistes being fully dressed throughout the studio rehearsals. Normally artistes wore costume for the 'dress run-through' but with the relative nervousness about colours flaring and bleeding, it was considered essential for them to keep appearing in front of camera in their 'drag'. This wasn't popular with the artistes, especially those with complex, bulky outfits, but it had to be done. There was one particular Colour Separation Overlay sequence creating tremendous problems, as the CSO wouldn't clip properly. I remember thinking how long the process took, little realising how effective the end results could be and how much money was being saved.

> **Comparing actors' portrayals of the Doctor is well-nigh impossible.**

A year later I was involved with the programme again. It was *Colony in Space*, I was still a floor assistant and, I might add, fed up to the back teeth with the job most of the time. It seemed to me that drama productions were the only ones where floor assistants (originally called call boys, but renamed in an early attempt at equal opportunities, when the management decided they wanted to recruit more women) made any contribution worth mentioning to the production. On *Play School*, for example, collecting and returning the floor manager's cans (headphones), putting two name cards on the presenters' dressing room doors and making sure they both appeared on the set was hardly worth getting out of bed for. But with drama shows, there was cueing to be done, many, many scenes and many, many calls, all sorts of messages, guests . . . the time went by so quickly. I also enjoyed watching the complexities of television unfold before my eyes and feeling part of it – albeit a comparatively small part.

Comparing actors' portrayals of the Doctor is well-nigh impossible, unless you judge totally from a personal stand-point. However, what I did observe was that Pat Troughton worked towards the best possible playing of every scene he appeared in, irrespective of who dominated the action. Jon Pertwee was much more concerned with how his Doctor came over in a scene. This is not to say he was selfish towards the other actors, but he was determined to shine at every possible moment, even when this meant a shift of emphasis away from what was intended.

The job of floor assistant meant I worked on all sorts of programmes: *Morecambe and Wise, The Sky at Night, Ask Aspel, Blue Peter, Monty Python, Benny Hill* and so forth. It also meant that if I had little to do, friendly technicians would allow me to play cameraman or boom operator for one of the rehearsals. If I was really lucky, the producer would allow me to spend some time in the gallery, thereby giving me a more detailed understanding of the production process.

Only drama productions paid for the floor assistant to attend rehearsal for half a day so he could familiarise himself with the cast and content of the recording, though, of course, the FA had already read the script. I loved these rehearsals. In the four hours allocated, I could usually see the producer's run-through, have coffee with the cast while the producer gave his notes, and then see the 'comedy run-through'. This was the last time the cast performed the show before going to the studio. Some directors felt that a comedy run-through got all the hysterics and laughter out of the way before the serious business of committing the show to tape. These sessions were hysterical. The actors would play their parts with everything from lisps to limps, with accents or even as a drunk. Jon Pertwee was astounding – at one rehearsal he played every single scene as a different character! The whole company were often crying with laughter. Whether it stopped everyone from fits of giggles in the studio is debatable, but I certainly loved watching these runs. It was working on *Doctor Who* and a serial called *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* which made me decide I wanted to specialise in drama, and eventually become a producer.

So, two years into my TV career and I'm now a member of staff and contributing to a pension scheme, with huge ambitions to be Barry Letts. I loved every minute of my work on *Colony In Space*. Jon seemed much less grand, but we still had the ridiculous pantomime of the coiffeur's tea-break. I struck a greater rapport with Nicholas Courtney, who has subsequently become one of my closest friends, and Katy Manning was adorable – in clothes from Biba, a very trendy Kensington store at the time. Could I possibly ask for more? Yes, and I got it. A chum at the time, Helen Worth, was in the cast; John Ringham said he was always nice to floor assistants as they had a habit of rapidly becoming producers and directors and, to cap it all, in the middle of a recording, a member of the cast blatantly asked me to come home to bed.

It was during this production that I heard I had been successful in obtaining a training attachment to Drama as an assistant floor manager. I hoped I could do a *Doctor Who* as an AFM, now that I knew everyone. It wasn't to be. Nor when I became a production assistant (later termed production manager). As an AFM I worked on programmes including *Owen MD* and *The Hole in the Wall*. As a PA, *The Pallisers, Looking For Clancy, The Venturers* and *Barlow at Large* were among my favourites.

My Head of Department, Bill Slater, and the manager, Brian Spiby, knew that I wanted to produce. I told them often enough. One day, during an annual interview with Bill, I restated my ambitions yet again.

"Well, if you're serious, you'd better learn the PUM's job by doing it, then the script editor's job, then we'll talk again," said Bill.

"When do I start?"

"Tomorrow as far as I'm concerned. Talk to Brian."

Brian agreed I could start as PUM, trailing Lovett Bickford (who wanted to start directing as soon as possible) on *Angels*. I started almost immediately, gradually taking over from Lovett. I worked long and hard with a hands-on producer called Ron Craddock. He taught me a great deal about how to spend money that shows on the screen, and I shall be eternally grateful to him. He challenged the BBC system and usually won. I learned a great deal about Auntie Beeb from Ron!

Managing the production unit is quite a difficult job in many ways; it includes making bookings of studios, stages, film crews, editing and all other parts of the production and post-production processes. It also involves being an assistant to the producer with a strong focus on the financial side of the operation. The PUM keeps the books and, if the job is done properly, at the end of the series you have neither overspent nor underspent. There are no brownie points for underspending, especially with an on-going series – once you have underspent, the planners take the unused amount of money away from next year's budget, and it is never seen again! If you have overspent, there is hell to pay!

Every year, once the programme offers have been accepted by the controllers, there was a meeting called 'Carving the cake', attended by all the department's unit managers (five of us then – how things have changed!) and the departmental manager. Established PUMs said things like, "I don't want to do programme 'X' because it's not period drama" or "I want to do programme 'Y' because I did the original budgets." And the ingenue PUM thinks he'd better keep his mouth shut because he's the new boy. Chris D'Oyly John, a friend to this day, announced that he didn't want to do *Doctor Who* anymore. Everyone else rapidly grabbed their slices of the cake and everyone turned to me as Brian said "John, I'd like you to do *Doctor Who*." I was still in production with *Angels* and I'd picked up a late-starter a couple of months earlier called *All Creatures Great and Small*, but I thought there was no way out. I nodded meekly and thought "Oh God, I can't do it!" but I was cheered by the fact that Graham Williams was to be the new producer. I knew 'Grum' reasonably well, and I'd worked with him a few times when I was attached to the Drama Series Department, when he was a script editor and I was a production assistant.

I was worried about taking over *Doctor Who*. I was concerned that both Graham and I were new to the show, and the production techniques had developed and improved beyond recognition since I'd last worked on it. I didn't know all the specialist vocabulary. I thought I'd find it so difficult, especially as my PUM visual effects experience was limited to faking the taking of blood samples in *Angels* and the occasional fire in a barn for *All Creatures*.

The five PUMs shared an office: Marcia Wheeler, Denis Curran, Chris D'Oyly-John, George Gallaccio and myself. I'd heard so many horror stories from George and Chris about *Doctor Who*, I was dreading taking over this 'monster' of a show. Graham was more confident, though, and he thought we should attend the final recording of *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*.

My head was swimming as I watched the director, David Maloney, rattle through the recording at a tremendous rate, until a table had to be rigged to collapse. It seemed to take forever to rig, and everyone was in a particularly tense state. Finally it was ready; the tape was rolled and the explosion set off. After a long pause, there was a pathetic puff of smoke, then another pause, then one leg slowly fell off! The gallery erupted with a mixture of anger and laughter. Philip Hinchcliffe's wife was visiting and couldn't stop laughing, much to Maloney's distress. I thought, "What have I let myself in for?"

Chris D'Oyly John assured me that it wasn't always like this. It was usually much, much worse.

My first *Doctor Who* as PUM was to be *The Invisible Enemy*. This story was pulled forward in production due to the abandonment of a vampire yarn by Terrance Dicks. It was feared that it might conflict with Gerald Savory's script of *Count Dracula* which, strangely enough, I had budgeted for production.

On the social side there were many people I got to know and worked with again later. However, this was an uncomfortable production in my estimation, with everyone finding their feet and no one wanting to tread on any toes. I felt extremely lonely. Louise Jameson was the only member of the regular cast who made me feel welcome.

The virus monster, nicknamed 'the pregnant prawn', rattled throughout the recording, creating tremendous problems for the sound department. The movement of the costume had to be restricted to allow other actors to be heard. It looked good, however. It needed to! It cost a fortune, but then the costume designer was Raymond Hughes, arguably one of the BBC's finest and most expensive at the time. K9's radio-control affected the cameras because of a lack of communication between its designers and the camera team. If the K9 operator was too near the camera, the picture distorted, if he was too far away then K9 didn't work. It was horrendous. During the first recording, Graham asked me for my opinion of K9. I said "A winner but a pain!"

In the run-up to production on *Horror of Fang Rock*, on top of my *Doctor Who* duties I had all the problems of handing *Angels* over to another PUM, combined with my work on the first series of *All Creatures Great and Small* which was filming in Yorkshire and recording at Pebble Mill in Birmingham. I then discovered from the Planning Department that we had to do this new *Doctor Who* story in Birmingham – I was furious. Although I had worked on the first drama series to be made at the Mill, and bearing in mind my knowledge of the excellent staff there (most of the scene crew were from the Alexandra and Repertory Theatres, where I'd started out) I knew that these studios were not equipped for the complexities of *Doctor Who*'s production.

All manner of high-tech equipment was installed, ready for our arrival. Birmingham engineers were delighted at the prospect as the studio would retain the equipment, but the installation was fraught with problems and the CSO used was ridiculously time-consuming.

Director Paddy Russell wanted the lighthouse setting to be totally accurate and she, the production assistant Peter Grimwade and the designer Paul Allen went off to reconnoitre a fully operational lighthouse. The desire for accuracy verged on an obsession, and the end result was that some of the sets, particularly the staircases, were virtually impossible to shoot. I recall one scene which was going to be shot entirely with Tom's back to the camera, as there was no way a camera could be positioned to take the reverse shot of him. He referred to the upset this would cause to his 'Auntie Win', who was often mentioned on the set. You see, Auntie Win would be watching

Far left: Tom Baker dons his cricket whites for a charity match in 1978.

Left, below: Colin Douglas, Louise Jameson and Tom Baker prepare to tape a scene for *Horror of Fang Rock.* Photo © BBC

Left, above: Wanda Ventham and Tom Baker enjoy a photocall for *Image of the Fendahl.* Photo © BBC Video

Right:
The Doctor in disguise in *The Invasion of Time*.
Photo © BBC

Doctor Who just to see Tom, and all she'd see, if Paddy insisted on shooting the scene the way she'd planned, was the back of his head! Auntie Win would not be happy!

Paddy and Tom did not get on well, to put it mildly.

The Sunmakers was the next story into production. I liked much of the humour in the script, and it was perhaps the only story of the season where there weren't enormous production problems, all credit being due to Pennant Roberts. We were so relaxed, in fact, that Tom spoke to me for the first time. For my first six months on the show, apart from our initial introduction at the *Talons of Weng-Chiang* studio, Tom had completely ignored me. Not that production unit managers are popular people. They are always loitering and encouraging the producer to say no to brilliantly creative and expensive ideas. However, I had felt repeatedly excluded from even the niceties of "Good morning, how are you ?" by the show's leading man.

The next script bore the intriguing title *Image of the Fendahl.*

"Before the production team arrives, Graham, we can't afford to go to Salisbury!"

Joining the show was a production assistant who always seemed to arrange to film on her own doorstep in Salisbury. She was famous, or rather notorious, for it. Money on the show was already tight, despite additional funding for our foray to Birmingham, and I felt sure we could find locations within twenty-five miles of Ealing Film Studios and save on expenses. Two weeks later Graham broke the news.

"We're filming at Stargroves! It's not Salisbury, but it is Hampshire." Surprise, surprise!

The director, George Spenton-Foster, was an extremely witty man and got on famously with Tom, and everyone else for that matter – especially Wanda Ventham, with whom I instantly fell in love. The large Fendahl monster was fitted in the studio with additional waving fronds at its head because it looked rather rude. When it was viewed at the playback by the new Head of Department, Graeme McDonald, he commented, "Oh look, a Christmas monster!"

As *Underworld* came up to the starting blocks, Dick Coles, the story's highly-talented designer, spent all his budget on the first recording. I advised Graham to shoot the remaining caves and tunnels as a model. It was a bold move and not totally successful, but then breaking new ground rarely is. Norman Stewart, Mitch Mitchell and Dick Holes (as he became known because of the cave model) worked late into the night, planning the shots for this most difficult of studios. "The Quest is the Quest" became a running gag with the production team in more ways than one.

Bobby Warans, the properties buyer on this story, is totally outrageous but brilliant at his job. Even now you will note his name on more BBC productions than anyone else. He was and still is much in demand. Over his desk hung a huge sign in glitter and sequins which said 'Bobby Warans, Buyer to the Stars!' One day he called me to say he was disgusted by the prop list he'd been sent. I asked him why.

"Why? Why? All it says is 'Item one: Twelve fully practical apples.'"

I explained that most of our props were visual effects, hence the brief requirements from him.

"I don't care! This is an insult to my calibre as a buyer. You'll have a case of apples from Harrods and that's that!"

This was typical Bobby!

Thinking about the storyline of *Underworld*, I must admit I am not a fan of using fables and legends as a basis for *Doctor Who* stories. The ploy does not appeal to me and never has. Nevertheless, when I was presented with one of the small metal cylinders that featured in the story, I was delighted. My collection of memorabilia, which is now enormous, had begun.

The Invasion of Time was to be something of a problem. The planners didn't care what it cost but they were cutting our studio time right down. They could, however, make available more film and OB. As it turned out, we didn't get very much film effort, but we did get a huge chunk of Outside Broadcast time. The big problem was the script was written with studios in mind, so we had to use a hospital in Surrey as a drive-in studio and erect the sets. Again this was ground-breaking programme making, and a technique later used so successfully in Bristol for *Casualty*. Everyone learned a great deal, especially that you shouldn't place a set door in front of a real door, as every time someone comes into the 'studio', more often than not he is making an unscheduled appearance in the programme!

The Invasion of Time put me off six-part stories for life. The ideal story length is four episodes and this serial displays that fact plainly – the Vardans are despatched and the Sontarans suddenly appear. And one of them has a cockney accent!

At the end of the season we heaved a sigh of relief. We'd got through it. We'd lost scripts at the last minute, we'd been to Birmingham and we'd broken ground on the CSO and OB fronts. We'd lost a lovely leading lady, said goodbye to the witty and talented Bob Holmes, gained Tony Read's expertise and, on a personal front, Tom and I now chatted often about anything and everything.

Season Sixteen was to have a linking theme, the six stories united by the Doctor and Romana's quest for the Key to Time. Mary Tamm was cast as the Doctor's new assistant, and George Spenton-Foster, the director of Mary's first story, *The Ribos Operation,* wanted her to look stunning. There were endless costume drawings, fittings and tests to make sure everything looked perfect. I know I was in a minority but I disliked the white outfit she ended up with. It looked so old-fashioned and, despite Mary's glorious figure, I still feel it made her look like a galleon in full sail.

Tom and Graham were not getting on terribly well during *The Armageddon Factor.*

Mary Tamm had already had a successful career when she joined the programme. She was much in demand, and she knew it. She therefore had an assuredness about her, which meant she wanted her opinions heard. She wouldn't agree to her dialogue being cut just because someone nearby thought it redundant. She held her corner, and both Graham and I felt that her presence in the programme was a positive benefit.

As PUM, I would usually start working out the budget for each individual story from draft scripts. I remember looking at an early version of *The Pirate Planet* where, after the robot parrot had zapped someone, the Pirate Captain welcomed it back to his shoulder, petted it, and said, "Who's a pretty polyphase avitron, then?" It didn't make the final cut, and to my mind it's just as well. I'm a great admirer of Douglas Adams' work and I loved the radio series of *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy,* but much of his humour was inappropriate to *Doctor Who* as I saw it. Tom certainly liked it and Graham seemed to enjoy some of it, but I liked hardly any of it.

For some reason I had to deputise for Graham on one of the studio days. I recall enjoying the experience no end, apart from having to entertain Irene Z Dawkins, a former BBC artists booker, and Mary Tamm's agent. Irene, notorious at driving an extremely hard bargain, tore me off a strip about Mary's costume, which she described as 'common'. No matter how much I stressed that I had no hand in it at all, and that I thought it fetching rather than common, I got an ear-bashing I'll never forget.

The Stones of Blood took me to the Cotswolds. I'd worked with director Darroll Blake on *The Venturers* so I felt sure he'd be able to achieve the project within the time and money allocated, combining his usual efficiency with his charming demeanour. I visited the OB unit and everything was bang up to schedule.

The late Beatrix Lehmann was inspired casting, and at a later date Tom seriously suggested her as a companion. It was an oddly interesting idea.

Much has been written of the famous birthday cake scene. Tony, Graham and I watched it at rehearsals and all thought it inappropriate. Graham and Tony cut the scene, and Tom rounded on me and asked me – at the top of his voice – what I thought of it. I answered in one word: 'self-indulgent'. I was sent back to the Midlands by Tom for a while. Coventry, in fact!

The Androids of Tara passed without major hitches. I began to get to know Mary Tamm a little better and found her wonderful company with a sensuous and wicked sense of humour. And now that the white dress and the 'common' outfit were things of the past, she always looked stunning.

Michael Hayes directed the story. Graham and I had worked with him on *Barlow at Large* and other projects, and he was always a joy, both at work and at play. A veritable giant of man, with a marvellous voice, he towered above the entire film unit; it was impossible to forget that he was the director. Why Michael isn't seen at more conventions I'll never know – he is so talented and such a great raconteur. Michael was already contracted to direct *The Armageddon Factor* and, after a very satisfactory production of *Tara*, Graham offered Michael what was to become the first *Doctor Who* story to film abroad.

Up to this point, I did not visit location filming often. When I did, it was usually just for the day. Graham liked to be on location whenever possible, and if he was away, I would attend the viewing of the previous day's rushes at Ealing, contact Graham on location, give him the technical report and make my comments on the content. However, Graham was ill for much of *The Power of Kroll* and I spent quite some time on location, and standing-in at the studio recording for him as well. I decided that as I was simply standing in for Graham, I would restrict my comments to technical observations, rather than attempting to interfere artistically too much. After all, I wasn't the producer of the show – I was simply overseeing it. The models and the various stages of the monster octopus were all at odds with each other and there was and still is an absolute lack of continuity of scale.

Tom and Graham were not getting on terribly well during *The Armageddon Factor*. That is to say, they'd often be very close and spend hours together talking and drinking, and other times they'd be at loggerheads. I must admit I took a back seat with all this. I really couldn't fathom it out. I provided Graham with as much support as I could, listened to his problems, and hoped for the best. Ultimately, I think the decision that they both should stay on the show was the right one.

The year had been a strenuous one. I had been production unit manager on twenty-six episodes of *Doctor Who*, fourteen episodes of *All Creatures Great and Small* and ten episodes of a family saga entitled *Flesh and Blood*. To complicate matters, *ACGAS* was recorded in Birmingham, *Flesh* in Manchester, and *Who* in London.

Graham had put in an official request for me to do another season of *Doctor Who* with him, but the management said they would understand if I wanted a break from the show. Tony Read had handed over to Douglas, the new boy on the block, so I felt I wanted to stay with Graham and capitalise on what we had learned. The second season had been easier in many ways than the first, not that the show was ever 'a piece of cake.' I'm so glad I did stick with it, because my loyalty was appreciated and rewarded.

The first story of the new production block was *The Creature from the Pit*. It should have been *The Creature from the Armpit*. When that monster first appeared on screen waving its remarkable tentacle, you could have heard a pin drop in the gallery. I remember thinking "It's just my dirty mind . . . don't say a word." I think everyone else must have been thinking much the same, for when a wag from the lighting section breezed through the gallery, took one look at the monitors and said "My word, he's a big boy!", pandemonium broke out. Of course, it was subsequently adjusted, but to my mind, it was always unacceptable. But in fairness to those concerned, these kinds of problems are unique to *Doctor Who*. Because of the constraints of time, it is virtually impossible for a director and producer to see everything before it comes before the cameras.

I went to the entire shoot of *City of Death*. I had managed to organise foreign filming at a very low cost, and so a skeleton crew flew to Paris, had lunch and then started filming. Well, after Romana's schoolgirl shoes, which went missing in transit, were finally found!

The first location used was the outside of the art gallery where the TARDIS landed, but no-one turned up to open the door. The angle of the camera was altered to avoid seeing this, but after one particular boisterous take, where Tom shook the door a litttle too vigorously, the alarms went off. The crew hurriedly fled for the next location, whilst the PUM, armed only with A-level French, waited for the police. A large, elegant lady in black arrived with keys and turned off the alarm. I explained how sorry we were, and that we were the BBC, who had

Below left:
Mary Tamm and Tom Baker relax while filming *The Stones of Blood.*
Photo © BBC

Below:
Lalla Ward as Romana in *The Horns of Nimon.*
Photo © BBC Video

Right:
The Doctor and Romana in *Destiny of the Daleks.*
Photo © BBC Video

come to film as arranged. When she replied "Quelle BBC?", I began to worry about the other facilities which had supposedly been organised.

When we got to the hotel that evening, Douglas Adams and Ken Grieve, the director who was planning *Destiny of the Daleks,* were waiting in the bar to surprise everyone. Graham was not pleased and sent them back to London.

We were accompanied by a large press party, and I made some contacts who became invaluable during my later years on the show. Tom told Graham that he and Lalla did not wish to fraternise with the press after the day's shooting. Fair enough, I thought. Three hours later Tom and Lalla went out to dinner with the press!

My worries about the organisation of the actual filming were not misplaced. The café which had been reconnoitred was closed and boarded up when we got there, a very powerful zoom lens failed to materialise, and permission to film outside the Louvre was denied on the morning of that particular shoot. This was to be the only time I have ever seen Michael Hayes swell with rage. I intervened (Graham had returned to London), stopped him verbally strangling his production assistant and said he should proceed with the shoot at the Louvre and refer the *gendarmerie* and Louvre staff to me.

Heaven knows what I would have said to them, but fortunately Michael worked swiftly, aided and abetted by the camera assistant (as the film cameraman himself was throwing up in some bushes in the Louvre grounds at the time), and we were away to the next location before anyone realised what was happening.

On the morning of our last day Graham phoned to say that Notre Dame did not register well enough on the rushes, and he wanted a reshoot. This meant we would have to alter flights and stay an additional night. I managed to persuade him that it wasn't worth it, and we all came home older, wiser and reeking of garlic.

It was round about this time that Graham said he felt my title of production unit manager did not reflect my contribution and that he was planning to ask Graeme McDonald to make me associate producer. The title was not recognised at the time, and Graham's request created a huge stir. Memos flew up and down to TV Centre, meetings and more meetings. In the end, it was the unions that would not accept the situation, and Graham was told it was not possible. However, he could share his credit with me, if he wished; the end credits reading 'Producers: Graham Williams/John Nathan-Turner.' Not surprisingly, Graham told me that this was not what he had in mind. Nevertheless, I have always felt, with extreme gratitude, that Graham's impassioned request resulted in my being asked to take over when he decided to move on. I wasn't at all angry over the credit situation – a little sad perhaps, but I was enjoying what I was doing and there were two producers who wanted me to manage everything they did. Bill Sellars was setting up *The Little World of Don Camillo* and *Triangle*, both of which I budgeted; Graham was developing various projects which he wanted me to work on, including *The Zodiac Factor*. It was an absolutely marvellous idea and I still have a script somewhere.

I was probably the last to know that Tom and Lalla were more than just close friends!

Contrary to what has been written elsewhere, Alan Bromly directed **all** the main content of *The Nightmare of Eden*. Graham did the post-production. For some reason, I recall at one point re-editing a section of programme where K9 cut his way through a wall myself, to make the visual effects look more convincing. Originally the drug in the story was called Zip, or something similar, and Lalla Ward made a very strong request to Graham to alter the name as she felt, quite rightly in my opinion, that it could possibly appeal to children.

I am extremely fond of Lalla Ward, or more correctly, the Honourable Sarah Ward. She's called Lalla because it was how she pronounced her own name as a youngster. She is eloquent, intelligent, gracious and beautiful, and having met her parents one can see why. We became friends very quickly, and I do so enjoy her company. When she occasionally swears, I roar with laughter as her perfect pronunciation of naughty words sounds so bizarre.

The Horns of Nimon was a happy show all round. As with many small-cast stories, the cast got on together rather well. Michael Osborne's costume was nicknamed 'The Sydney Opera House'. June Hudson's talents as a costume designer verge on the operatic, and I always feel her work excels if she's given this type of story to work on. Later she became one of my miniature repertory company of favourite designers.

I am generally a great fan of Graham Crowden, and have enjoyed his performance in virtually everything I've ever seen him do . . . apart from this. Oh yes, a minor point about those who played the Nimon. They were *not* ballet dancers (as has been detailed by various *Doctor Who* researchers), they were commercial dancers. I should know, I cast them!

The season was to end with an entertaining six-parter called *Shada*. I made a visit to Cambridge during production and found a very happy unit indeed, though the punting sequence took forever to shoot. This location visit was also the first time that I realised that Tom and Lalla were more than just close friends . . . I think I was probably the last to know!

After completing the filming, studio sessions began. During the first session of rehearsal or perhaps the later aborted session, I noticed Tom passing my office door one day and entering Graeme McDonald's office. Shortly after Tom had left, I was also summoned.

"Your time has come, John." said Graeme. "I'd like you to produce *Doctor Who*. And I've told *that* man!'

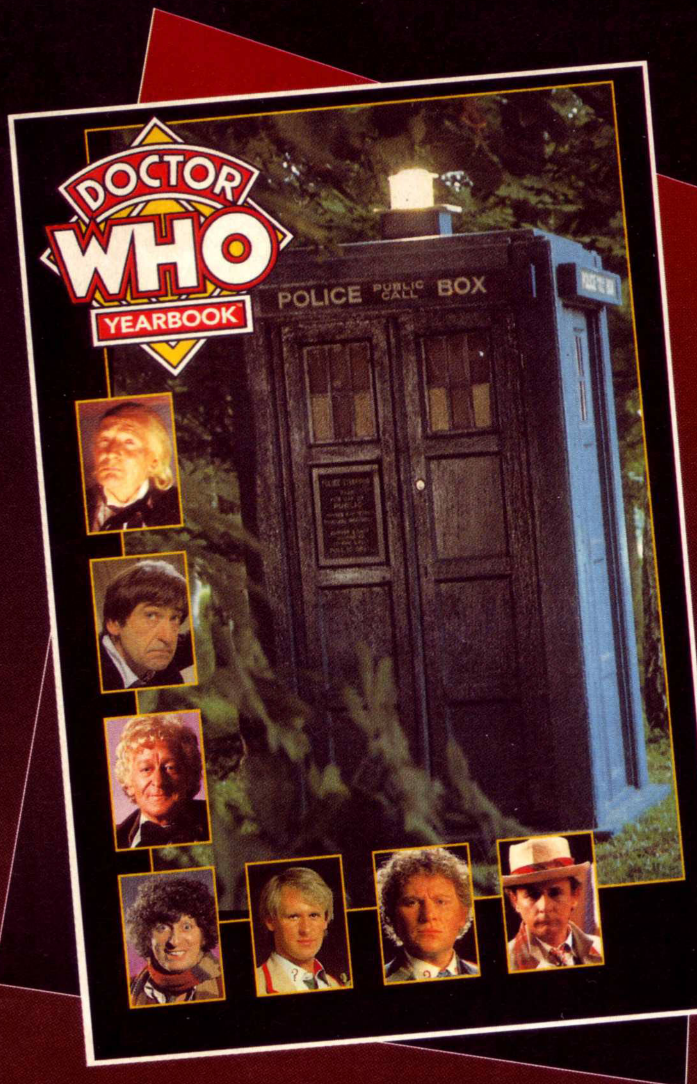
I was delighted, of course. Graeme went on to explain that there was to be a major re-organisation of the department, with the establishment of a group of senior executive producers overseeing younger producers' projects. Barry Letts was to be the first, producing his own strand of classic family dramas and overseeing my debut on *Doctor Who*. This plan was later abandoned, although now, years later, it is again in full swing in BBC Drama.

In the book *Doctor Who – The Seventies* the authors state that a very old friend and colleague of mine, George Gallaccio, was offered the job and turned it down and that I got the offer by default. It doesn't matter to me one way or the other whether this is true. What I can say is that I've never heard this before, and raise the question as to why George, who had been 'busted back' to PUM after completing *The Omega Factor*, would then spend some considerable time doing a junior job he no longer wanted, in the hope of being offered something else? The next time we meet at BAFTA, I shall be sure to ask him, but it makes no difference in the long run. I got the offer and I leapt at it. I wanted to do it and do it my way.

Nevertheless, it was awful for Graham and Douglas to be unable to finish their last story. When it was decided to 'pull the plug' entirely on the story, it was indeed a miserable day. Graham, Douglas and I went out to the Acton rehearsal block to break the news to the cast and crew: there were tears, foul language aimed at the planners and strikers, and everyone adjourned to the Castle pub and got relentlessly drunk. It just left such a nasty taste in the mouth after such a great deal of hard work, especially for Graham and Douglas, who'd gone without many nights of sleep in order to produce the script. I finally completed *Shada* for them as a video release in 1992, when Tom, much to my delight, requested that the links I had written were transposed into the first person. I had wrongly assumed that Tom wouldn't want to play the Doctor again and had written the links in the third person. I was delighted to be wrong.

I did try, however, to remount *Shada* during my first season as producer of *Doctor Who* . . . but I'm getting ahead of myself. That tale, and many others, must wait!

Well – I had the job. I had the office. Now what to do first? ◆



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The Creation

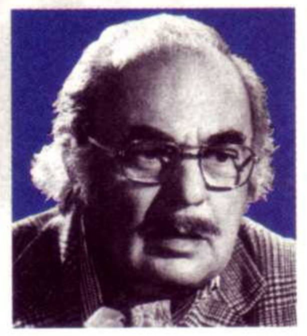
Recent research has revealed a great deal about the creation of *Doctor Who*, but many are still confused about who did what, and when. As a prelude to next month's major new interview with Verity Lambert, Marcus Hearn has provided an easy-to-use guide to the earliest days of the series.

Donald Baverstock

In March 1963 Donald Baverstock, the then-Controller of BBC Television, asked Sydney Newman to set up the children's adventure serial which ultimately saw transmission as *Doctor Who*.

Baverstock's BBC career was reportedly hampered by a number of clashes with fellow executives such as Tom Sloan, Sydney Newman and Huw Wheldon. Following a controversial, and highly public, power struggle, he resigned from the Corporation in February 1965 at the age of forty-one. He died on 16th March 1995. His widow, Gillian, is the author Enid Blyton's daughter.

Sydney Newman



While retaining responsibility for the development of *Doctor Who*, Sydney Newman, the BBC's Head of Drama Group (Television), delegated the task of initially conceptualising the programme to Donald Wilson. Once transmission of the show was underway, Newman's involvement was intermittent and usually advisory, with the exception of his key role in the development of the Second Doctor's character. The last story Newman is believed to have passed formal judgement on is 1969's *The War Games*.

Newman moved from the BBC to become a film producer at Associated British Productions Limited in 1968. He later left under some controversy in 1969, returning to his native Canada in 1970. "I've done a million things," he claimed in 1986. "These and *Doctor Who* are minutes in my life of years."

Rex Tucker

The details of Tucker's exact responsibilities as 'caretaker producer' in the summer of 1963 remain unclear, but it is believed he is responsible for originating the title *Doctor Who*. By the time Verity Lambert was ensconced as producer, it was intended that Tucker would direct Anthony Coburn's *The Robots* (later retitled *The Masters of Luxor*) and Terry Nation's *The Mutants* (now more commonly known as *The Daleks*) in the brief period when both serials were considered viable. Tucker's sole directorial contribution didn't actually occur until 1966 when he handled *The Gunfighters*, a story for which he recommended the guest casting of an actor called Patrick Troughton.

Rex Tucker's lengthy and distinguished career at the BBC was already nearing its close on the two occasions he briefly worked on *Doctor Who*. Until recently, his daughter Jane could be seen as a cast member of the children's series *Rainbow*.

Mervyn Pinfield

The veteran producer/director was possibly appointed as a safeguard against Verity Lambert's relative inexperience in the face of the technical complications *Doctor Who* was expected to present. Content to remain Lambert's technical advisor, Pinfield also stepped in to direct a number of early episodes and offer story suggestions. One of the earliest of these was his recommendation that the Daleks in Terry Nation's first serial be powered by static electricity.

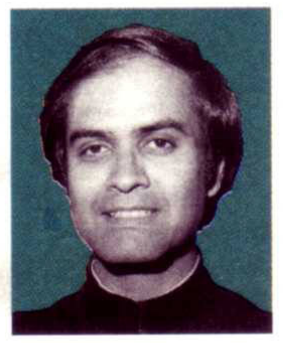
"He was an *extremely* old-fashioned person," recalls director Waris Hussein, "and, as an executive producer, he would sit there and dictate and tell me all the things I couldn't do." Pinfield retired shortly after leaving *Doctor Who*, his final producer's credit going to *The Romans* and his final director's work appearing in *Galaxy 4*, both in 1965. He died soon after leaving the BBC.

Verity Lambert

Allegedly reluctant to appoint Rex Tucker as the producer of *Doctor Who*, Sydney Newman turned to Don Taylor, a young director best known for his collaborations with David Mercer. When Taylor turned the post down, Newman offered it to Verity Lambert, an ambitious young woman who had been one of his production assistants in his previous post at ABC Television. She readily accepted the challenge of becoming the Corporation's youngest, and only female, drama producer, staying with *Doctor Who* until August 1965.

With the exception of very few productions, Verity Lambert's prolific television and film career has been almost universally acclaimed. A former Business Woman of the Year, she continues to head the successful Cinema Verity organisation.

Waris Hussein



The young Anglo-Indian was identified very early in *Doctor Who*'s creation as a suitable director. He worked very closely with Verity Lambert and David Whitaker in the programme's earliest months, recasting the role of Susan with Carole Ann Ford and being instrumental in persuading William Hartnell to take on the role of the Doctor. He directed the pilot episode, *100,000 BC*, and six episodes of *Marco Polo*.

Waris Hussein later worked with Verity Lambert on a number of occasions, directing the first episode of *The Newcomers* for her and later directing the acclaimed *Edward and Mrs Simpson*. Since the early Eighties his work has principally involved feature films and TV movies in the United States. In 1983 he turned down John Nathan-Turner's offer to direct the Twentieth Anniversary story, *The Five Doctors*.

Donald Wilson

In his capacity as Head of Output Programmes, Wilson combined ideas from a number of his Script Department writers with his own thoughts to compile the first draft of a format guide for *Doctor Who* in April 1963. His voice was perhaps the most crucial element in formulating a dramatic premise for the world's longest-running science fiction series.

The BBC Script Department was effectively dissolved by Sydney Newman in May 1963, upon which Wilson was made the first Head of Serials. His later work included the BAFTA-winning *The Forsyte Saga* in 1967. Donald Wilson retired in the late Seventies and now lives in Gloucestershire. "Sydney Newman and I cooked up *Doctor Who* between us," he said in 1984. "I invented the peripatetic Doctor and gave him his name, Sydney invented the extraordinary telephone kiosk. I never believed then that the series could last twenty-one years."

CE 'Bunny' Webber

On 26th March 1963 Donald Wilson assigned Cecil Edwin Webber the task of creating a cast of viable characters for a new Saturday tea-time science fiction series. The staff writer devised a small group of characters and a rough format which would go through a number of changes and refinements until they formed a practical framework for the series that began transmission on 23rd November. Of all the ideas considered by Donald Wilson, and later Sydney Newman, it was perhaps Webber's that were most influential. The writer's involvement with the show ended when his storyline for *The Giants*, the very first *Doctor Who* story, was rejected by acting producer Rex Tucker in June 1963.

Following the dissolution of the Script Department in 1963, Webber turned freelance to continue his career as a highly prolific radio and television writer. In 1965 he joined Verity Lambert on BBC1's *The Newcomers*, where he worked as a scriptwriter and later a storyliner. He died in June 1969.

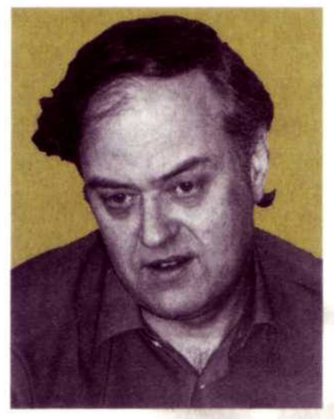
David Whitaker

David Whitaker had already gained thirteen years' experience of acting and writing when Donald Wilson appointed him *Doctor Who*'s story editor in June 1963. His notable early influences on the series included rewrites on *100,000 BC*, the drafting of the *Doctor Who* Writers' Guide and commissioning Terry Nation to write *The Mutants*. "He was very enthusiastic about *Doctor Who*," recalls his nephew Steven. "He even 'borrowed' a television set from the BBC so we could watch the first episode."

Whitaker stayed with the production team for the first recording block, his influence and contributions to many aspects of *Doctor Who* continuing for many years after.

Although David Whitaker continued a busy writing career (which continued to take in *Doctor Who*) throughout the Sixties, he later allegedly fell into professional disputes which were a contributory factor to his Australian emigration. He died in February 1980, shortly after beginning work on his novelisation of 1967's *The Enemy of the World*.

Dennis Spooner



David Whitaker's contract as story editor came to an end in October 1964. His replacement, Dennis Spooner, was formally decided on in early August, during the production period of his own serial, *The Reign of Terror*. He story-edited the majority of *Doctor Who*'s second season, from *The Rescue* to *The Chase*. His final work on *Doctor Who* was as an uncredited script editor on 1966's *The Power of the Daleks*, and as the author of *The Nightmare Planet*, a story commissioned in 1975 but ultimately unused.

Dennis Spooner was one of the most prolific and important contributors to the field of British telefantasy. The classic and cult series he wrote for and created are too numerous to mention. In the years just prior to his death in September 1986 he successfully branched out, carving a new career for himself as a Hollywood script writer.

Shelf Life

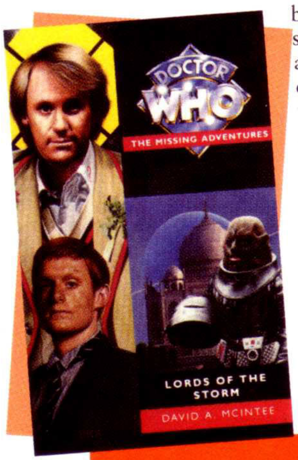
Beeb video has taken a break,
Leaving three Virgin books in its wake.
Dave's the number one fan
Of Lisa Deranne,
But could *Blacklight* be a mistake . . ?

There's a distinct feeling of *déjà vu* about the latest releases from Virgin. In 1993, the *Missing Adventures* range launched with *Goth Opera*, in which the Fifth Doctor battled the Great Vampire. The same month, in *Blood Harvest*, the Seventh took on the same foe in the *New Adventures*. This month the Sontarans receive a similar treatment. In both cases, the author chosen to write the Seventh Doctor story is Terrance Dicks – described on the cover of his latest book as "the elder statesman of *Doctor Who*".

LORDS OF THE STORM

Lords of the Storm (ISBN 0-426-20460-3) is a *Missing Adventure* featuring the Fifth Doctor and Turlough, set sometime between *Resurrection of the Daleks* and *Planet of Fire*, and comes from the pen of the prolific David A McIntee. It's immediately apparent that David has done his homework and, one suspects, many hours of extra revision; not only is every aspect of the Sontaran race seen on television alluded to and, wherever necessary, reconciled, but so are such details from the *Doctor Who* novelisations as the Sontarans' oily breath. And the book's prologue, describing a battle from the point-of-view of a lone Sontaran, reads as an homage to Robert Holmes' uncredited prologue to *Doctor Who and the Time Warrior*.

Sheer depth of research, impressive though it is, does not in itself guarantee a great novel, and David's prose style lets him down. I found *Lords of the Storm* pretty tough going for the most part. As with his previous books, a potentially exciting storyline has been obscured by an overabundance of minute detail and redundant descriptions that do absolutely nothing to clarify the plot. There's nothing wrong with descriptive passages when used as scene-setting; the contrast between them and other more action or dialogue-based sections can be truly invigorating. But here, description, dialogue, development and denouement are all rolled into a single homogeneous and therefore uninteresting verbal monolith. Reading *Lords of the Storm* is like trying to eat a five-course meal in one vast pureed helping: it's only satisfying to finish.



In its favour, the book does achieve a grand sense of cosmic scale. The setting – the human colony of Raghi – is the moon of a gas giant, with powerful electrical discharges flickering around it. It's a real science fiction environment for a change, paying attention to the laws of astrophysics, and making space travel, although commonplace, distinctly non-trivial. David has cut down on the overwhelming number of supporting characters in his earlier novels, focussing instead on this book's almost-companion, the wayward Nur, the space-pilot daughter of the colony's ruler. After the Doctor and Turlough arrive, much of the story is told from Turlough's viewpoint, and this emphasises successfully that he is not human. He also dwells on his Trion origins, as he compares the caste system of the Indian colony to that on his homeworld.

The Sontarans have a caste system too, being subdivided into a number of clans, and David uses this to neatly justify the varying appearance of the Sontarans when they've appeared on screen, both in *Doctor Who* itself and on video in *Shakedown*. They are genetically bred to their roles, it seems, not just in their differing complexions and number of digits, but also in their intelligence, which explains why all the troopers are so much thicker than their commanders. Ingenious.

The plot is similarly ingenious, although in all honesty, far more enjoyable to reflect upon after having struggled to digest. The Sontarans, using the mind-control techniques first seen in *The Time Warrior*, are controlling some of the humans in the medical profession on the moon. This is to hide the fact that a virus has been introduced into the humans that makes them genetically indistinguishable from Sontarans. The long-range Rutan scanners will assume they have found a Sontaran colony and come in to attack, walking straight into a trap. Raghi is not, therefore a particularly safe place for the Doctor and Turlough to be . . .

Lords of the Storm *by David A McIntee*
Turlough was speechless at the sight of the ship. He had never seen a Rutan vessel before, but going by what he had heard about the species, he had expected some sort of slimy and diseased-looking lump of half-molten metal.

Instead it was a huge glass nest, with delicately stretching crystal spires webbed together with beautiful loops and flying buttresses of gleaming light. "It's beautiful." Beside him he heard Nur gasp in agreement. Watching the Rutan ship approach was like watching a glittering fairytale castle rise up towards oneself, its delicate translucent spires stretching out as if to embrace the small shuttle. The after end of the cruiser seemed to be fitted around a silvery meteoroid of some kind into which the main engines were embedded.

Shakedown *by Terrance Dicks*
"It's the Doctor!" said Kurt in astonishment. He grabbed Lisa's arm and bustled her over to the group. "Doctor! I might have known you'd be mixed up in all this!"

"I didn't know you were," said the Doctor. "What are you doing here?"

He looked at Lisa, took off his hat and bowed. "Do forgive me, Kurt and I are old friends. I'm the Doctor, and these are my colleagues, Roslyn Forrester and Christopher Cwej."

Lisa nodded in astonishment. "I'm Lisa Deranne."

"Captain Lisa Deranne? Of the solar yacht Tiger Moth?" Chris was staring at Lisa in admiration.

"That's right. Captain of a beat-up yacht without a crew."

"You won the Algolian cup just recently! I've always wanted to try solar racing."

"Autographs later, Chris," said the Doctor impatiently.

THE NEW
Doctor
WHO
ADVENTURES
SHAKEDOWN
TERRANCE DICKS

SHAKEDOWN

Of course, the Doctor survives the book, as does one Rutan (or rather, one part of the Rutan group consciousness) only to find themselves in Terrance Dicks' *Missing Adventure, Shakedown* (ISBN 0-426-20459-X). I had my reservations about Virgin's decision to incorporate the Doctor and his companions into *Shakedown* – itself already a successful Doctorless video production – but Terrance has done well to incorporate the events of the film unaltered into the middle section of the novel, getting through them in a mere forty-three pages, harking back to the way he used to novelise almost every transmitted *Doctor Who* story so economically in the Seventies.

In what's now becoming a *New Adventures* convention, the book opens with the TARDIS crew scattered, already embarked on an investigation. I welcome this vogue for independence, because in print we are party to the regular characters' inner thoughts and they don't need to constantly explain themselves to each other purely for our benefit. Chris and Roz get to do some real policing for a change, on the trail of a vicious murderer who mutilates his victims and takes their identity. I was pleased to see that an Ogron police force were also investigating, and more so to find that their chief had been brain-augmented to the point where he offers his captives tea and cakes on the best china and addresses Roz as "my dear". I strongly suspect that Terrance Dicks has been reading a few Gareth Roberts novels recently.

The Doctor meanwhile, is shown having his first encounter with Commander Steg and Kurt, respectively the original video's chief Sontaran and dodgy space-jockey, in a prelude that accurately establishes Steg as a ruthless tyrant and Kurt as a galaxy-class wide-boy. This typifies a brisk, humorous style of writing that makes *Shakedown* a casual, fun read. Newcomers to the *New Adventures* who have been put off by the books' sometimes darker agenda would do well to start by dipping in here.

In the middle section, it becomes much more apparent than on screen which of the crew of the solar yacht Tiger Moth are three-dimensional characters and which are merely yuppie Rutan-fodder. Knowing how the film ended didn't detract from my enjoyment of the book, because the pursuit by the Sontarans of a fleeing Rutan spy is just part of the big story, and the real climax comes later, when the Doctor hooks up with Kurt and Lisa, chartering the Tiger Moth. I couldn't help but be reminded of the equally mercenary crew of the Millennium Falcon being used for similarly idealistic work in *Star Wars*.

I was a little uneasy about the Doctor's ruse of fashioning a model of the Tiger Moth into a crossbow with which to fire a lethal bolt into a Sontaran guard's probic vent. He has only killed as a last resort in the past, and although he does it to save Chris' life here, it's clear that he'd been working on the contraption long before his companion was in danger. Elsewhere, the Doctor displays few of Sylvester McCoy's screen mannerisms, although I didn't really miss them. What's more important is the Doctor's superhuman insight; he realises that the collateral damage of the interminable Sontaran-Rutan conflict is a small price to pay for the security that comes from both sides being too busy with each other to contemplate an all-out assault on the rest of the galaxy.

Finally reuniting with Benny on the library planet Sentarion, the Doctor brings the saga to a close. *Shakedown* is undoubtedly the more enjoyable of this month's books in isolation, but together they achieve a pleasing synergy that leads me to hope that Virgin will continue to tie the two ranges together like this.

BLACK LIGHT – THE ART OF ANDREW SKILLETER

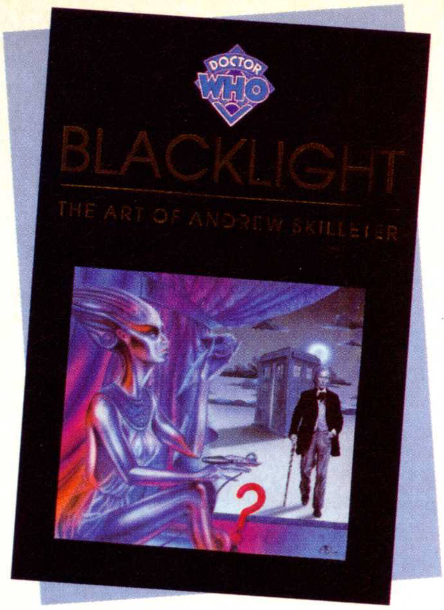
The first thing I realised about *Black Light – The Art of Andrew Skilleter* (ISBN 1-85227-415-8) was that it is a book I had no previous desire to see in print, being one of the many for whom the cover artwork adorning *Doctor Who* book and video releases is an entirely superfluous bonus to an already complete product. But I'm sure there are just as many who spend hours gazing appreciatively at the images adorning their new purchases before reluctantly loading the tape in the VCR or turning the first page.

Viewed as a factual book on *Doctor Who*, *Black Light* is a non-starter. Nor is it really an autobiography of Andrew Skilleter, who only briefly touches on his career away from *Doctor Who* work, with just a few examples of his versatility in other styles than his familar *Doctor Who* montages. Where it does succeed is as an album of his work which, as he explains, has often suffered as a result of being reproduced poorly or in unflatteringly small sizes. The 8"x12" format here made me appreciate some of the pieces fully for the first time.

There is text too – "written by the author himself", as the dust jacket amusingly proclaims – which concentrates on the circumstances in which Andrew came to produce his work, and how *Doctor Who* affected his career. There's very little, unfortunately, on the creative process itself. I was interested to read how, late in his career, Andrew adopted the use of acrylic paints (responsible for the almost photographic realism of the Silurian adorning the BBC Video release of *Doctor Who and the Silurians*) and the airbrush, an implement he regards as a double-edged sword for artists. But these are technicalities, and I'd far rather read and see how the compositions were inspired and built up.

Although there are design sketches showing how the finished artwork would eventually integrate with the standard elements of book and video covers, there's little else to document the progression of the pieces from concept to realisation.

Andrew's work covers more than books and videos: In the Eighties, he and his wife Patricia founded and ran their own publishing company Who Dares, best known for their range of *Doctor Who* calendars and laminated Profile Prints. Much of the calendar work presented here is new to me, and I think it's his best. The perennial *Doctor Who* illustrator's nightmare has got to be capturing the uniquely subtle features of Peter Davison, but he achieves this several times over, most notably in the piece from the 1986 calendar on page seventy-one. The success of these ventures is indicative of the boom in popularity *Doctor Who* experienced in North America during the Eighties, and Andrew details the enthusiastic support and cooperation he received from John Nathan-Turner, emphasising the latter's role as promoter as well as producer.



Andrew's largest piece of work was the exterior of the trailer housing the *Doctor Who* travelling exhibition of 1986. It's garish, tasteless and tacky; even Colin Baker, photographed in front of it in full costume, looks visually restrained by comparison. Perhaps that was the whole point. There's a disproportionate emphasis on Colin Baker and the other Doctors of the Eighties, understandable given that Andrew was busiest on his *Doctor Who* work at this time.

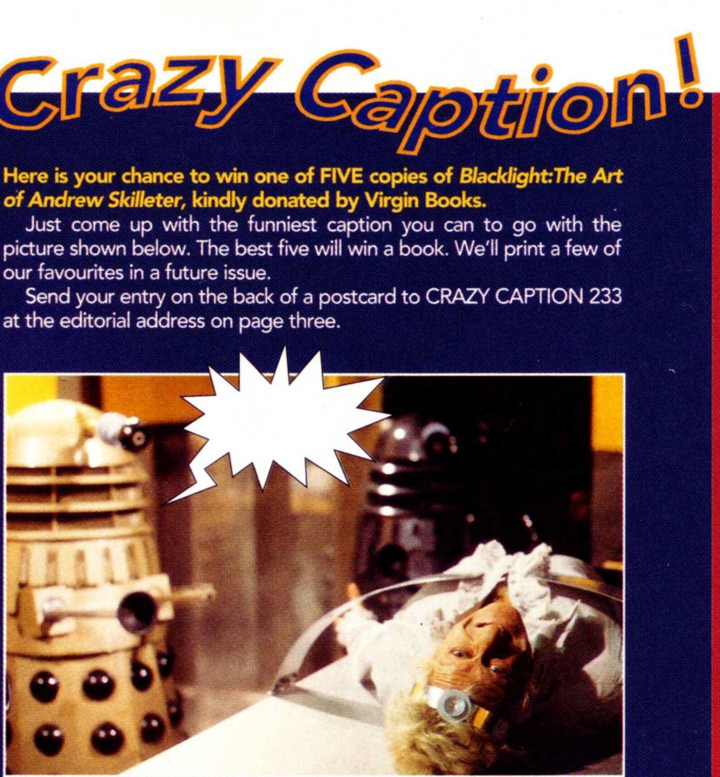
In common with some other large-format books from Virgin recently, such as *Timeframe* and *Doctor Who – Companions*, *Black Light* is not an intensive read or an essential one. It is, however, a lavishly presented book, the high quality of production justifying the high cover price. On those occasions when one tires of reliving *Doctor Who* through the sometimes unforgivingly accurate medium of video tape, turning to a book like *Black Light* can feed the imagination while simultaneously producing a rosy glow of nostalgia. At its best, Andrew Skilleter's art is inspirational. ◆

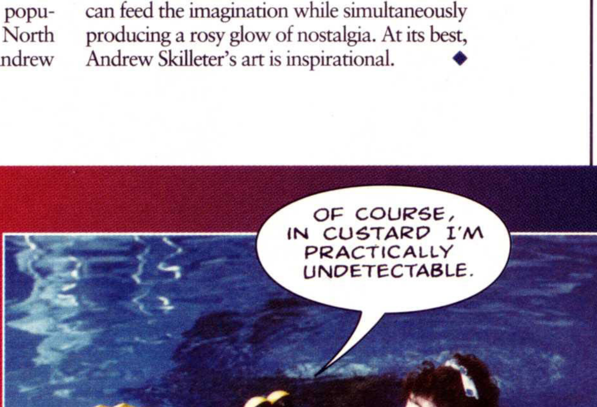
Crazy Caption!

Here is your chance to win one of FIVE copies of *Blacklight: The Art of Andrew Skilleter*, kindly donated by Virgin Books.

Just come up with the funniest caption you can to go with the picture shown below. The best five will win a book. We'll print a few of our favourites in a future issue.

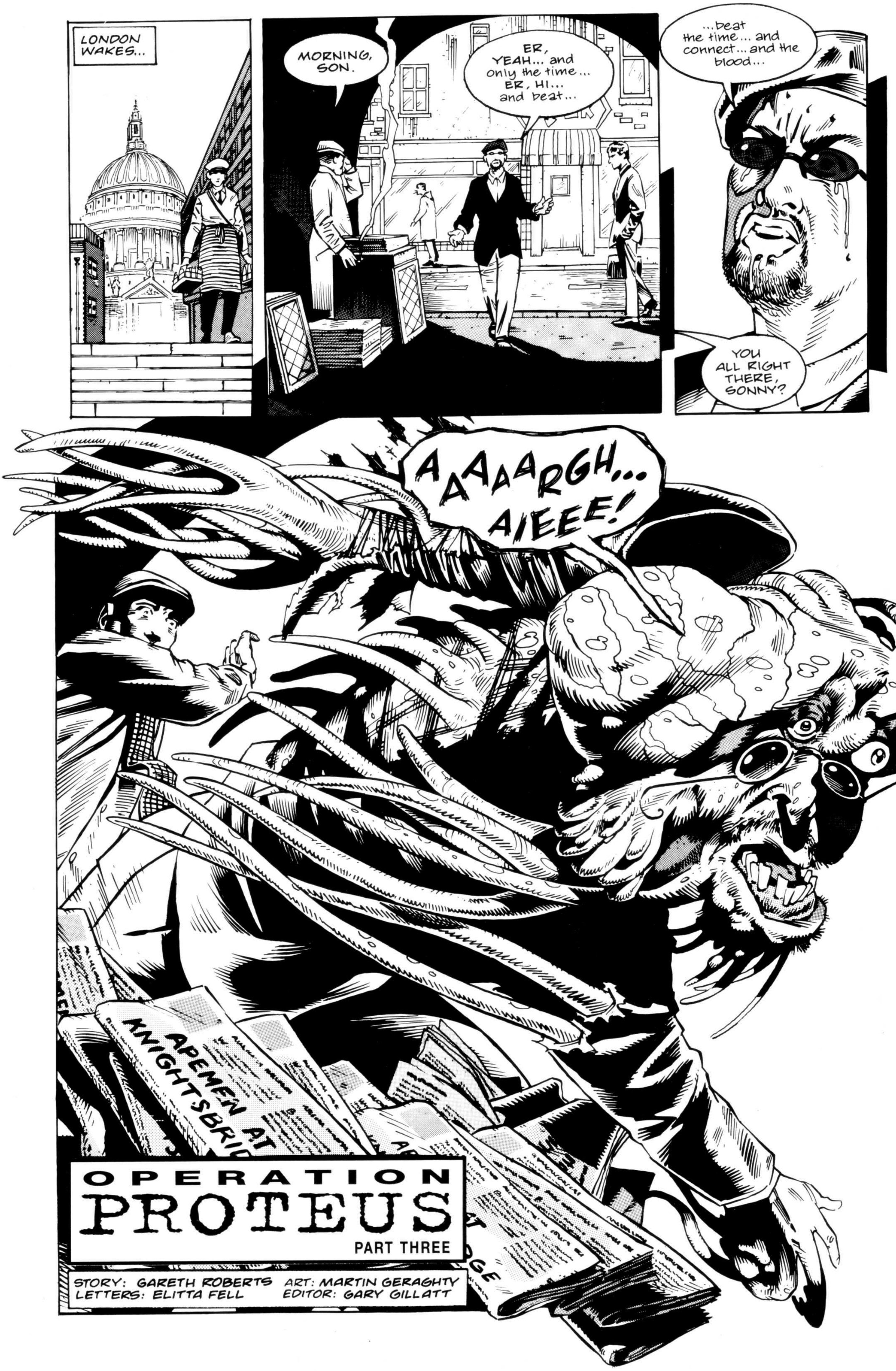
Send your entry on the back of a postcard to CRAZY CAPTION 233 at the editorial address on page three.




OF COURSE, IN CUSTARD I'M PRACTICALLY UNDETECTABLE.

Crazy Caption 229 result

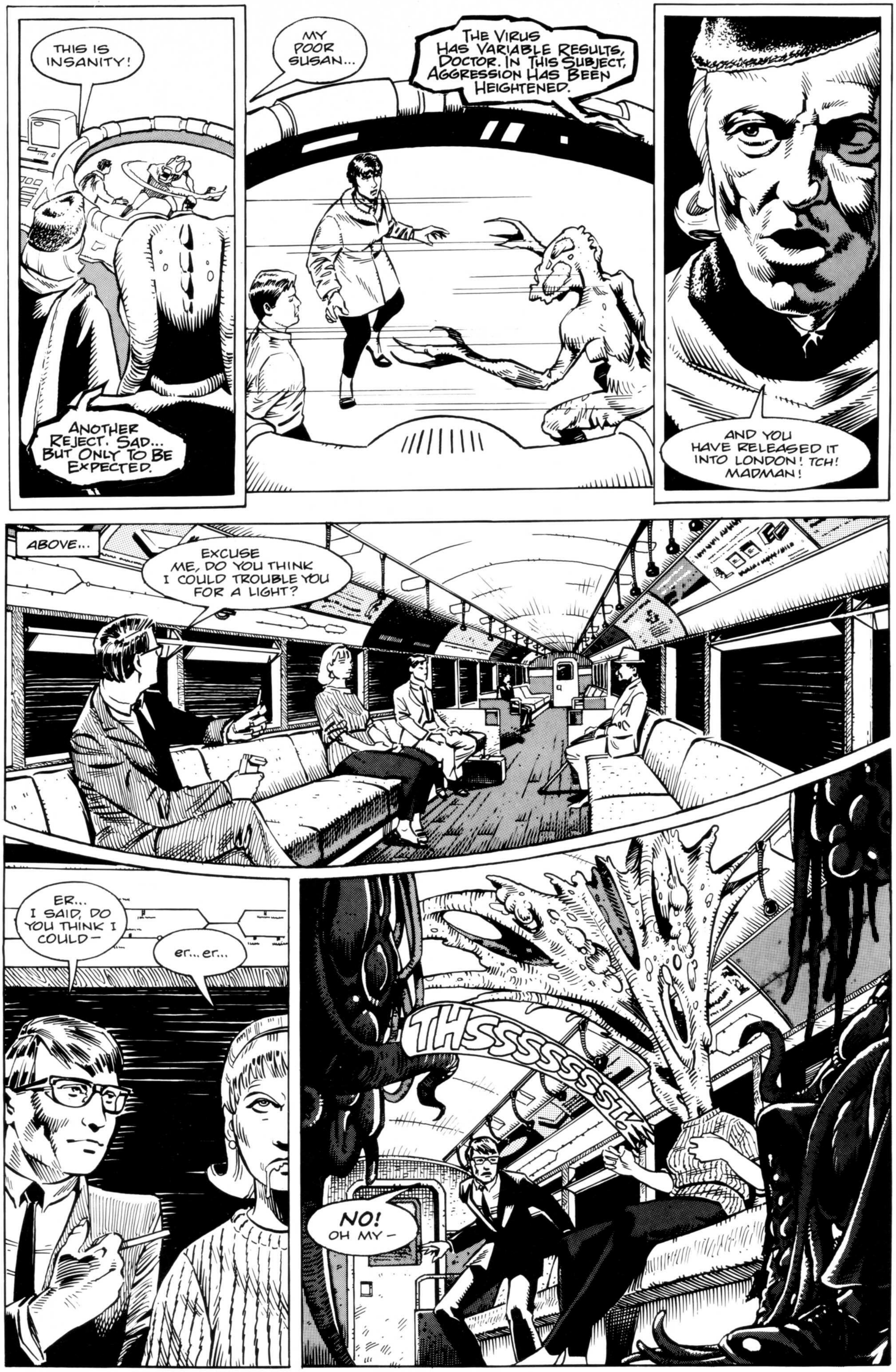
As a bit of a change for them, we asked our YTS trainees, Catherine and Jenny, to select this month's winner. Catherine is employed to make tea and rub my shoulders, while Jenny's main duty involves crossing out the words 'An Unearthly Child' in Doctor Who reference books and writing in '100,000BC'. Their favourite entry, from **Andrew Smith** of Oxford is printed above, but they'd also like me to mention "Ostend? Hmm, let me see. I think it's *that* way" by B Dooley of Liverpool. It's alright, they won't be with us long.

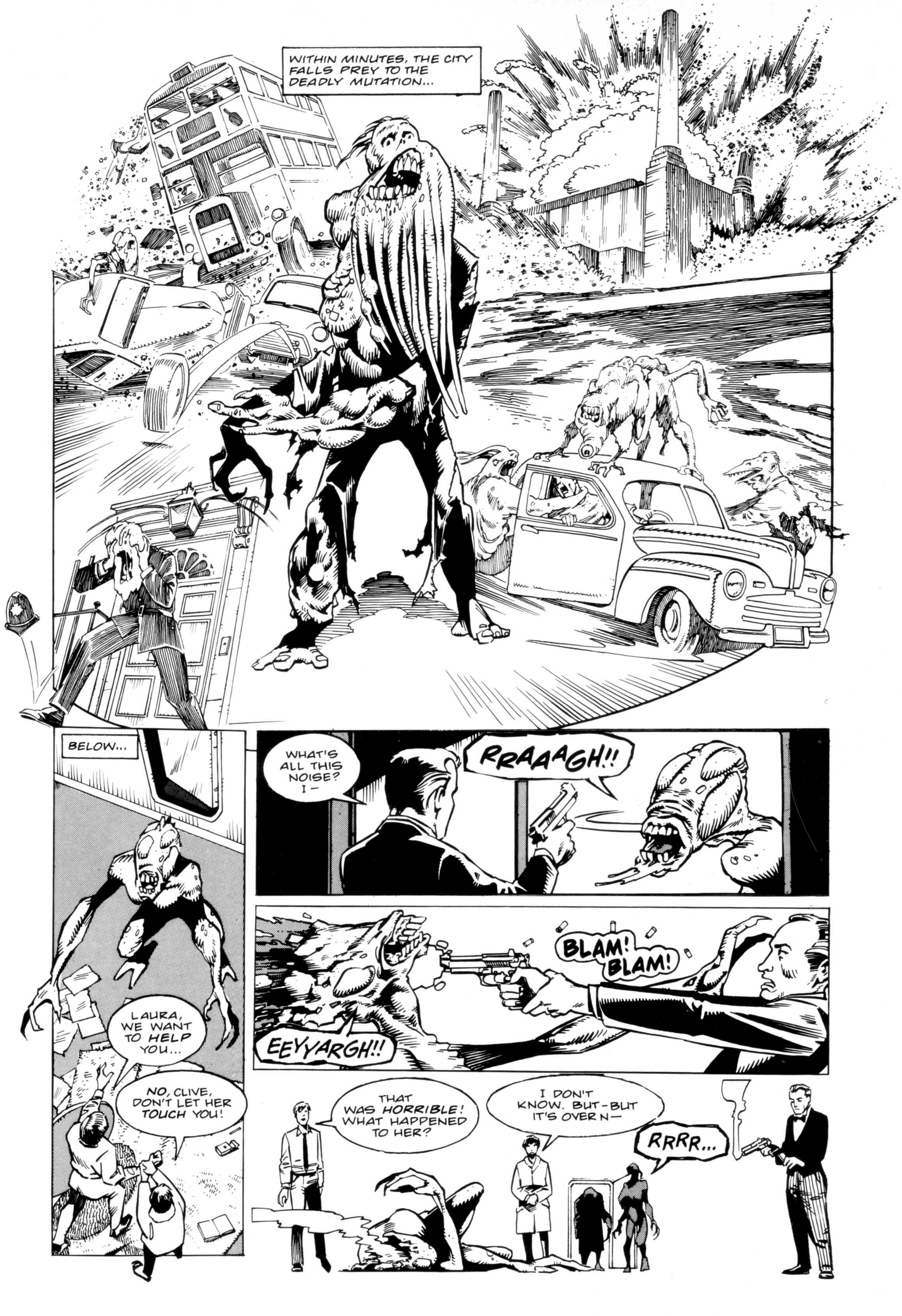

LONDON WAKES...
MORNING, SON.
ER, YEAH... and only the time... ER, HI... and beat...
...beat the time... and connect... and the blood...
YOU ALL RIGHT THERE, SONNY?
AAAAARGH... AIEEE!
APEMEN AT KNIGHTSBRID

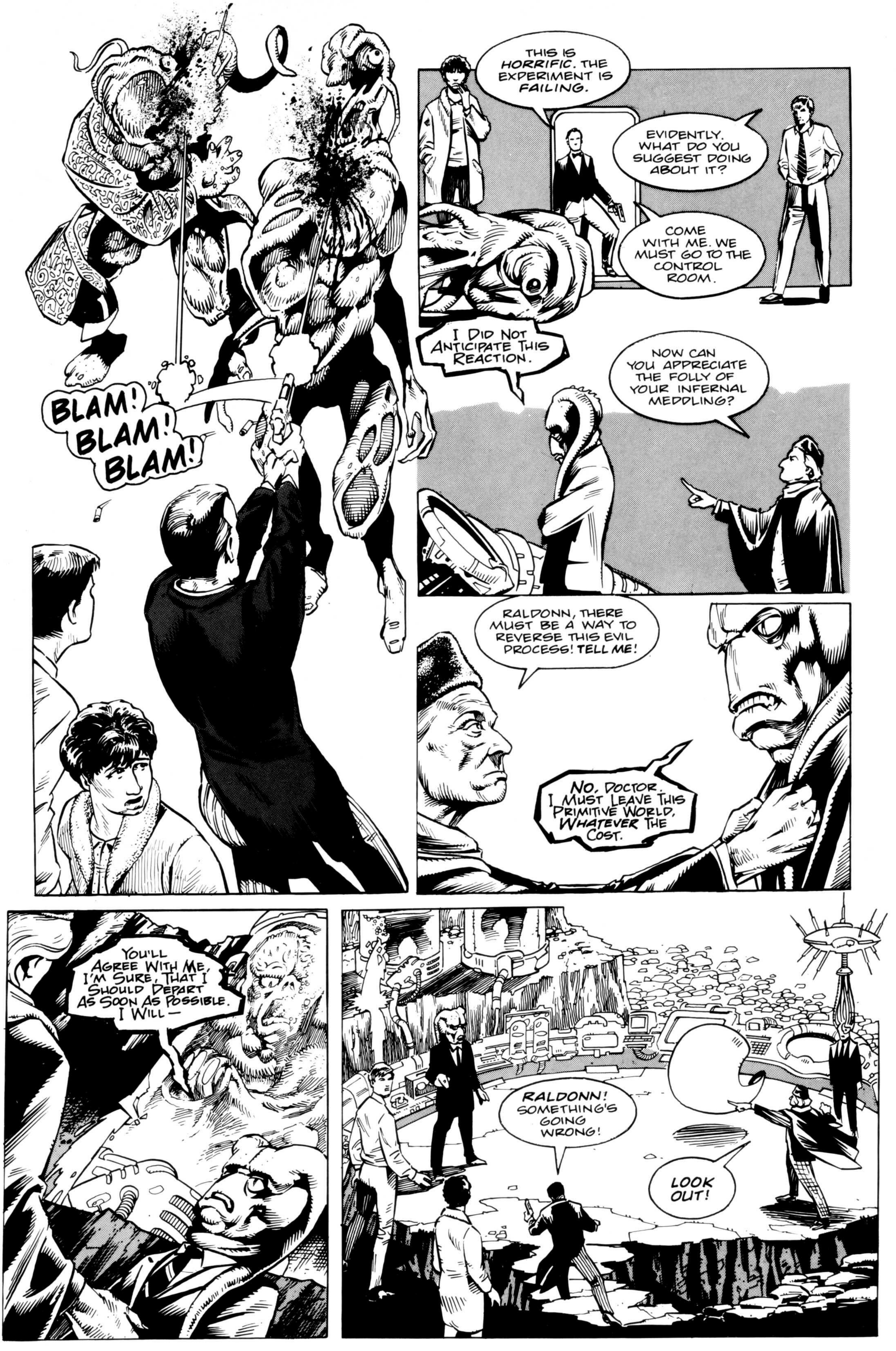
OPERATION PROTEUS

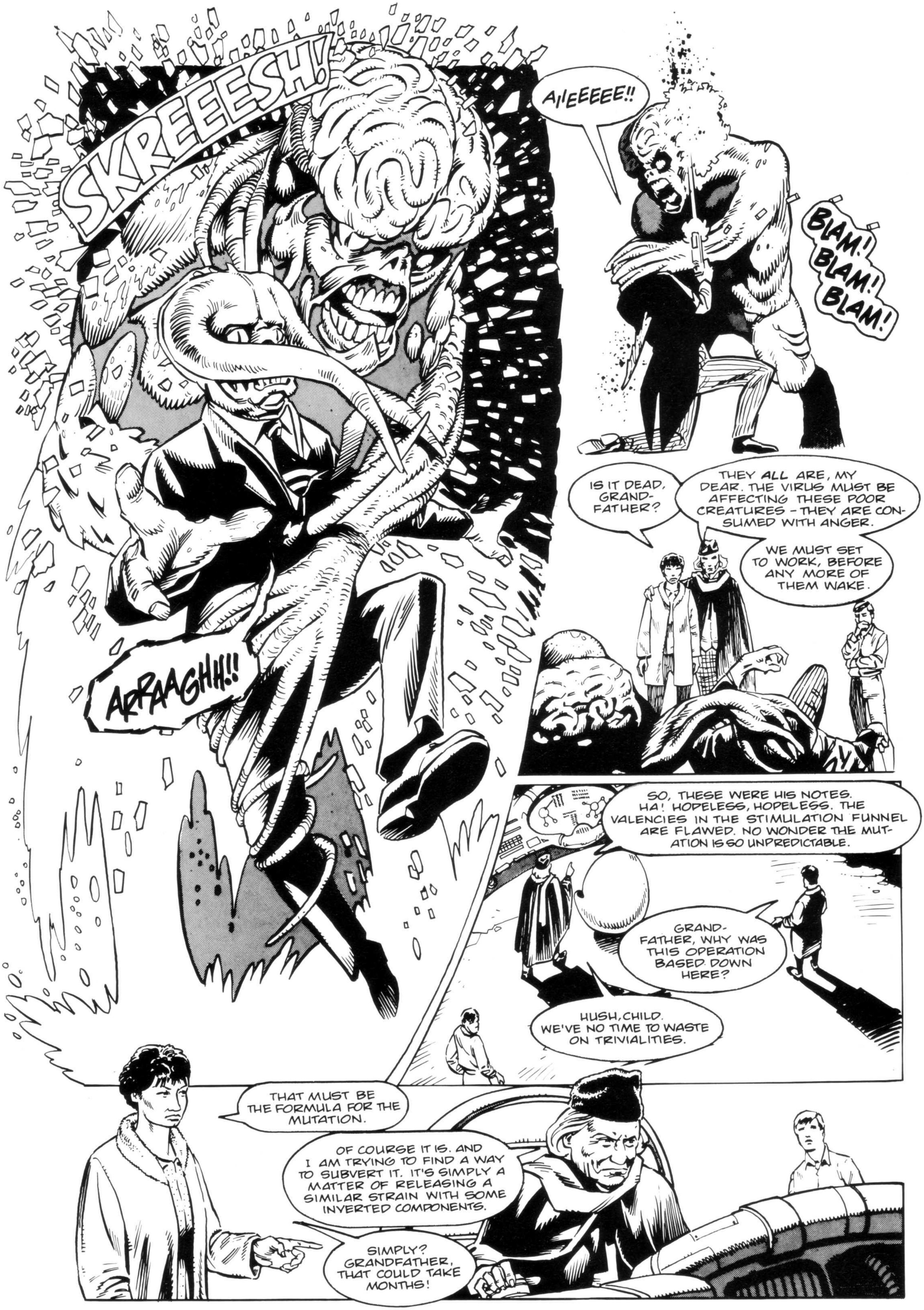
PART THREE

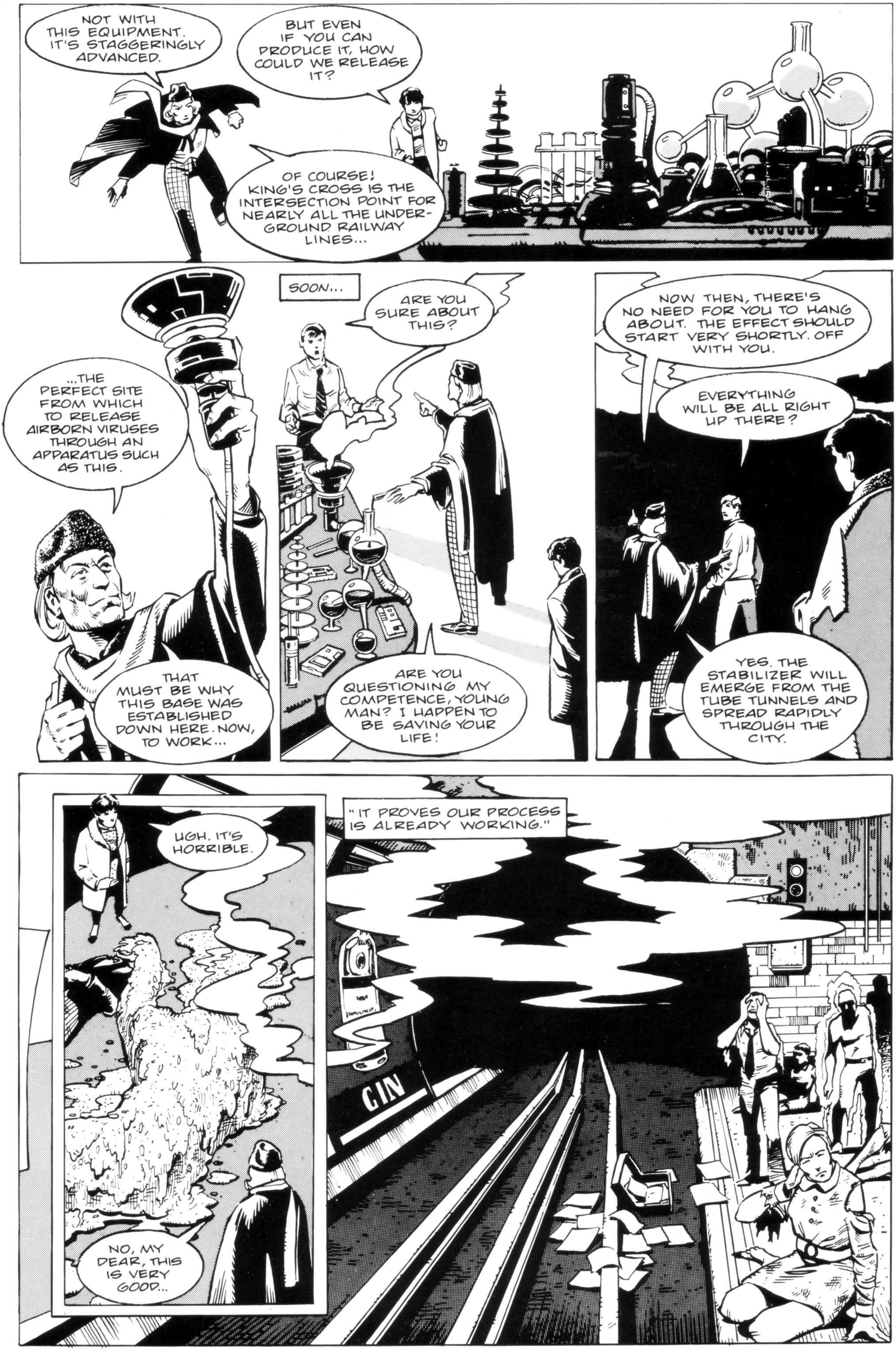
STORY: GARETH ROBERTS ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
LETTERS: ELITTA FELL EDITOR: GARY GILLATT

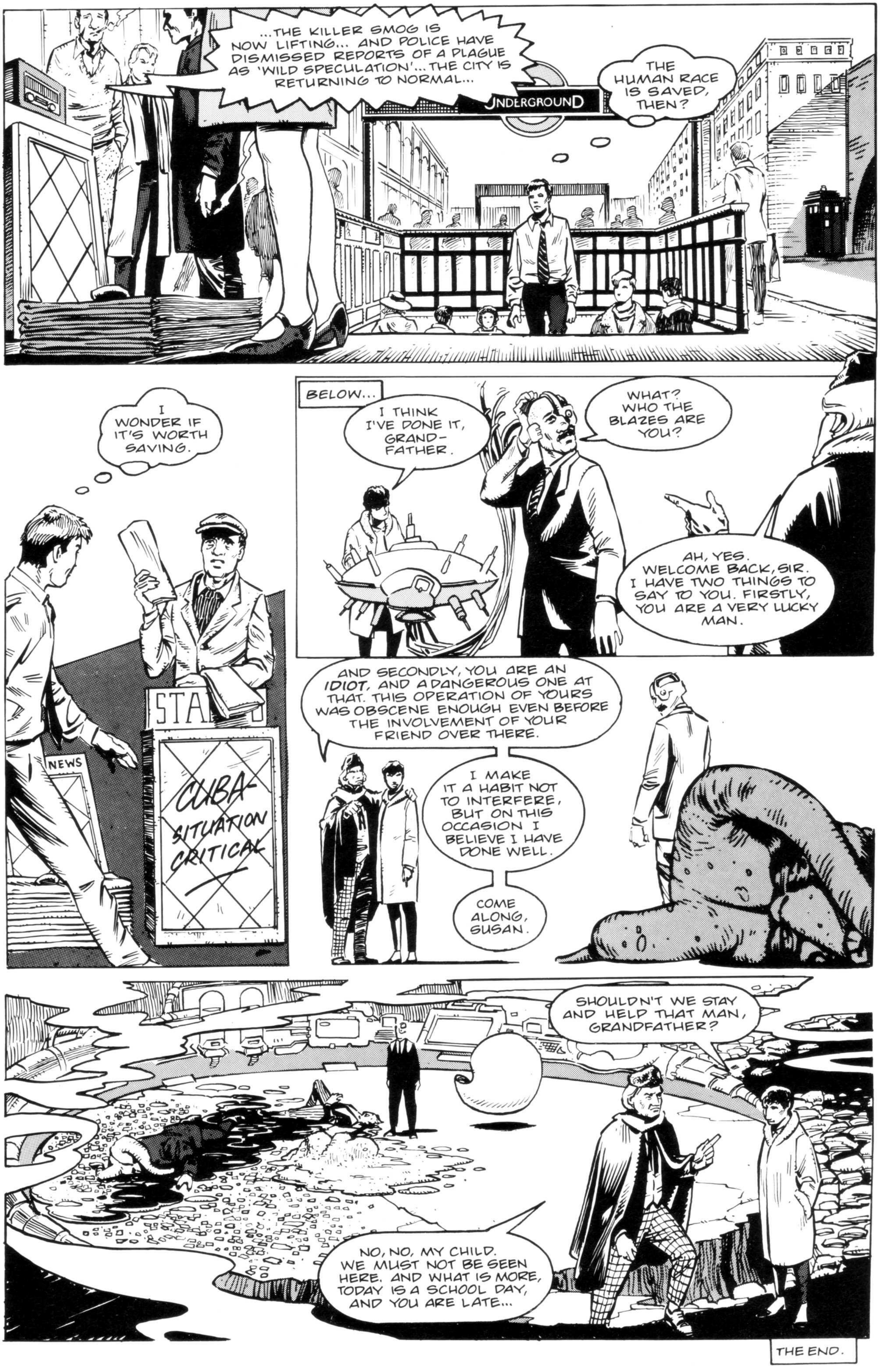

THIS IS INSANITY!
ANOTHER REJECT. SAD... BUT ONLY TO BE EXPECTED.
MY POOR SUSAN...
THE VIRUS HAS VARIABLE RESULTS, DOCTOR. IN THIS SUBJECT, AGGRESSION HAS BEEN HEIGHTENED.
AND YOU HAVE RELEASED IT INTO LONDON! TCH! MADMAN!
ABOVE...
EXCUSE ME, DO YOU THINK I COULD TROUBLE YOU FOR A LIGHT?
ER... I SAID, DO YOU THINK I COULD—
er... er...
THSSSSSSSSSK!
NO! OH MY—


WITHIN MINUTES, THE CITY FALLS PREY TO THE DEADLY MUTATION...
BELOW...
LAURA, WE WANT TO HELP YOU...
NO, CLIVE, DON'T LET HER TOUCH YOU!
WHAT'S ALL THIS NOISE? I—
RRAAAGH!!
BLAM! BLAM!
EEYYARGH!!
THAT WAS HORRIBLE! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT-BUT IT'S OVER N—
RRRR...

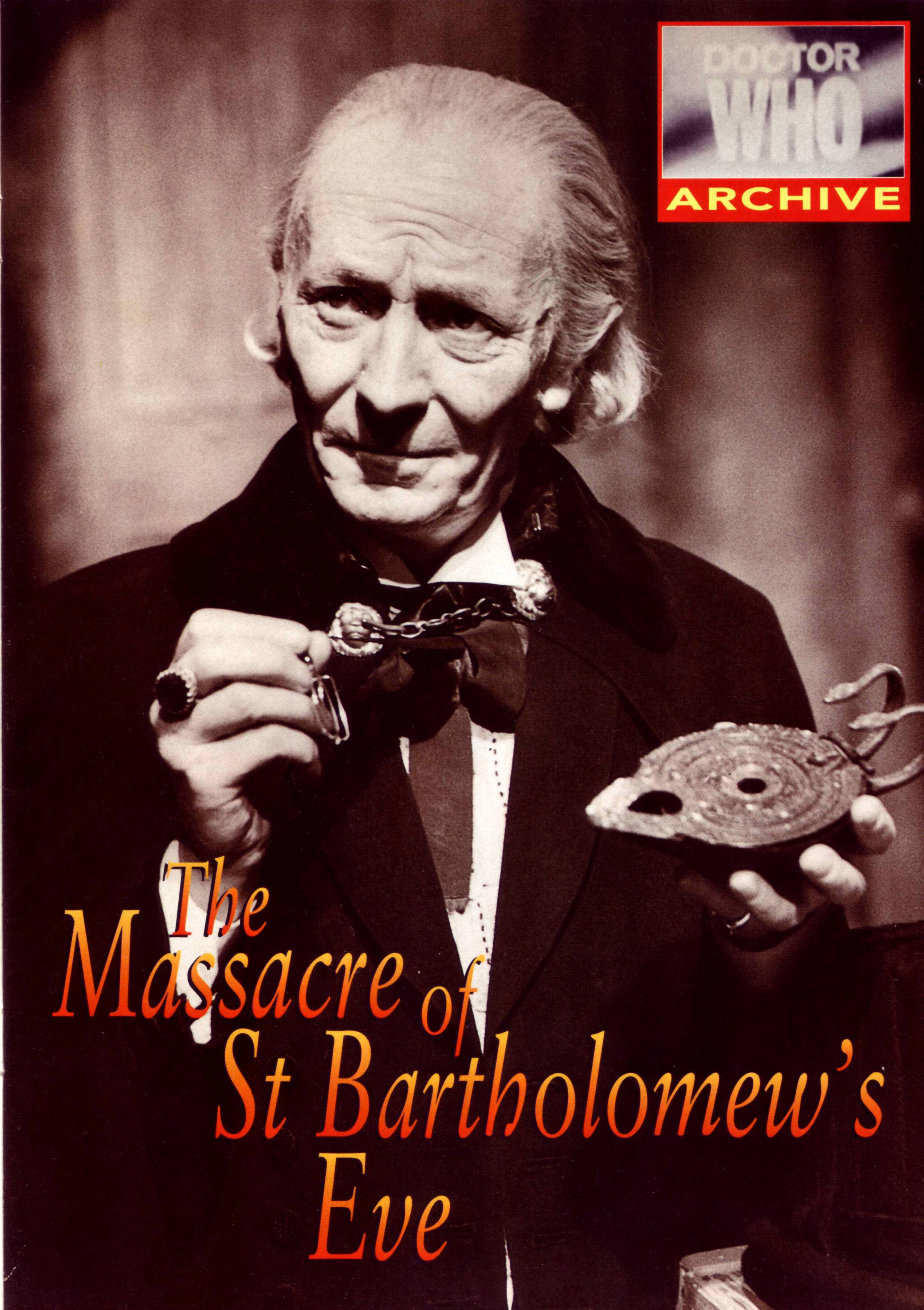

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
THIS IS HORRIFIC. THE EXPERIMENT IS FAILING.
EVIDENTLY. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST DOING ABOUT IT?
COME WITH ME. WE MUST GO TO THE CONTROL ROOM.
I Did Not Anticipate This Reaction.
NOW CAN YOU APPRECIATE THE FOLLY OF YOUR INFERNAL MEDDLING?
RALDONN, THERE MUST BE A WAY TO REVERSE THIS EVIL PROCESS! TELL ME!
No, Doctor. I Must Leave This Primitive World, Whatever The Cost.
You'll Agree With Me, I'm Sure, That I Should Depart As Soon As Possible. I Will —
RALDONN! SOMETHING'S GOING WRONG!
LOOK OUT!


SKREEEESH!
ARRAAGHH!!
AIIEEEEE!!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
IS IT DEAD, GRANDFATHER?
THEY **ALL** ARE, MY DEAR. THE VIRUS MUST BE AFFECTING THESE POOR CREATURES - THEY ARE CONSUMED WITH ANGER.
WE MUST SET TO WORK, BEFORE ANY MORE OF THEM WAKE.
SO, THESE WERE HIS NOTES. HA! HOPELESS, HOPELESS. THE VALENCIES IN THE STIMULATION FUNNEL ARE FLAWED. NO WONDER THE MUTATION IS SO UNPREDICTABLE.
GRANDFATHER, WHY WAS THIS OPERATION BASED DOWN HERE?
HUSH, CHILD. WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE ON TRIVIALITIES.
THAT MUST BE THE FORMULA FOR THE MUTATION.
OF COURSE IT IS. AND I AM TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO SUBVERT IT. IT'S SIMPLY A MATTER OF RELEASING A SIMILAR STRAIN WITH SOME INVERTED COMPONENTS.
SIMPLY? GRANDFATHER, THAT COULD TAKE MONTHS!


NOT WITH THIS EQUIPMENT. IT'S STAGGERINGLY ADVANCED.
BUT EVEN IF YOU CAN PRODUCE IT, HOW COULD WE RELEASE IT?
OF COURSE! KING'S CROSS IS THE INTERSECTION POINT FOR NEARLY ALL THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY LINES...
...THE PERFECT SITE FROM WHICH TO RELEASE AIRBORN VIRUSES THROUGH AN APPARATUS SUCH AS THIS.
THAT MUST BE WHY THIS BASE WAS ESTABLISHED DOWN HERE. NOW, TO WORK...
SOON...
ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?
ARE YOU QUESTIONING MY COMPETENCE, YOUNG MAN? I HAPPEN TO BE SAVING YOUR LIFE!
NOW THEN, THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO HANG ABOUT. THE EFFECT SHOULD START VERY SHORTLY. OFF WITH YOU.
EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT UP THERE?
YES. THE STABILIZER WILL EMERGE FROM THE TUBE TUNNELS AND SPREAD RAPIDLY THROUGH THE CITY.
UGH. IT'S HORRIBLE.
NO, MY DEAR, THIS IS VERY GOOD...
"IT PROVES OUR PROCESS IS ALREADY WORKING."
CIN


...THE KILLER SMOG IS NOW LIFTING... AND POLICE HAVE DISMISSED REPORTS OF A PLAGUE AS 'WILD SPECULATION'... THE CITY IS RETURNING TO NORMAL...
UNDERGROUND
THE HUMAN RACE IS SAVED, THEN?
I WONDER IF IT'S WORTH SAVING.
STAR
NEWS
CUBA- SITUATION CRITICAL
BELOW...
I THINK I'VE DONE IT, GRANDFATHER.
WHAT? WHO THE BLAZES ARE YOU?
AH, YES. WELCOME BACK, SIR. I HAVE TWO THINGS TO SAY TO YOU. FIRSTLY, YOU ARE A VERY LUCKY MAN.
AND SECONDLY, YOU ARE AN IDIOT, AND A DANGEROUS ONE AT THAT. THIS OPERATION OF YOURS WAS OBSCENE ENOUGH EVEN BEFORE THE INVOLVEMENT OF YOUR FRIEND OVER THERE.
I MAKE IT A HABIT NOT TO INTERFERE, BUT ON THIS OCCASION I BELIEVE I HAVE DONE WELL.
COME ALONG, SUSAN.
SHOULDN'T WE STAY AND HELP THAT MAN, GRANDFATHER?
NO, NO, MY CHILD. WE MUST NOT BE SEEN HERE. AND WHAT IS MORE, TODAY IS A SCHOOL DAY, AND YOU ARE LATE...
THE END.

DOCTOR WHO ARCHIVE

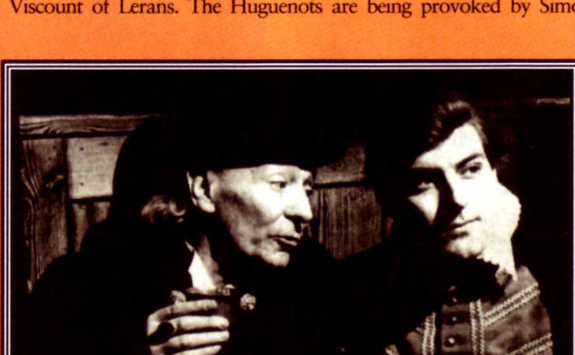


The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve

SYNOPSIS

WAR OF GOD (dm: 24'51")

The TARDIS materialises in a gated alcove in sixteenth century Paris. The Doctor notes that this was the time when Charles Preslin, one of the most advanced of a brotherhood of apothecaries, was doing fascinating work. He and Steven dress in suitable clothes and visit a nearby tavern. Inside, a group of Protestant Huguenots toast Prince Henry of Navarre, a Protestant who has married Princess Marguerite, sister of the King of France. The group includes Nicholas Muss and Gaston, the Viscount of Lerans. The Huguenots are being provoked by Simon Duval, a Catholic, who insists that they also toast the Catholic princess. The Doctor tells Steven that they will meet in the tavern that evening after he has visited Preslin at the Port St Martin. After the Doctor leaves, Steven sees another man follow him.



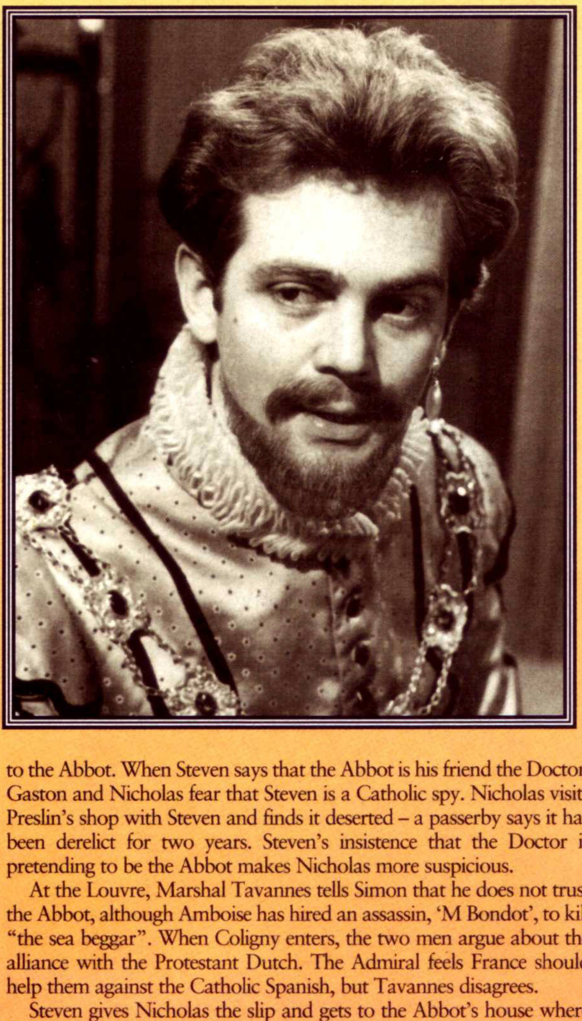
Steven is befriended by Nicholas, an aide to Admiral de Coligny, and learns that Gaston is present to protect Prince Henry. Nicholas agrees to direct Steven after the Doctor, but outside they encounter a terrified girl who hides in the tavern. She is being hunted by two soldiers of the Lord Cardinal's guard, who explain that the girl is a servant to the Abbot of Amboise. Nicholas and Gaston repel the guards, and then the girl, Anne, tells them that she overheard talk at the Abbot's house of Vassy – the scene of a Catholic massacre of a hundred Huguenots ten years ago. Anne is given refuge working at Coligny's house, while Nicholas explains to Steven that the Catholics could be plotting against Prince Henry.

The Doctor finds Preslin's shop, but the elderly chemist is frightened and reluctant to reveal his identity. Preslin is in danger from the Abbot of Amboise, the Cardinal of Lorraine's right-hand man – a threat to Huguenots and men of learning. The Doctor has a plan for Preslin's safety.

Steven waits at the tavern, but the Doctor fails to return by the time the tocsin rings curfew. Nicholas finds him there, and invites him to stay with him at Coligny's. At the home of the Abbot, Roger Colbert reports his failure in finding Anne to the Abbot. Simon enters and says that the girl is at Coligny's. The Abbot, whose appearance is identical to the Doctor's, says, "Fetch her tomorrow – bring her to me."

THE SEA BEGGAR (dm: 24'43")

Steven attempts to find the Doctor again the next morning, to no avail. Colbert, the temporal secretary to the Abbot, visits Coligny's house asking for the return of Anne Chaplet, but the girl is protected by Nicholas. Steven recognises Colbert as the man who followed the Doctor the previous day, and outside the house they see Colbert talking



to the Abbot. When Steven says that the Abbot is his friend the Doctor, Gaston and Nicholas fear that Steven is a Catholic spy. Nicholas visits Preslin's shop with Steven and finds it deserted – a passerby says it has been derelict for two years. Steven's insistence that the Doctor is pretending to be the Abbot makes Nicholas more suspicious.

At the Louvre, Marshal Tavannes tells Simon that he does not trust the Abbot, although Amboise has hired an assassin, 'M Bondot', to kill "the sea beggar". When Coligny enters, the two men argue about the alliance with the Protestant Dutch. The Admiral feels France should help them against the Catholic Spanish, but Tavannes disagrees.

Steven gives Nicholas the slip and gets to the Abbot's house where he overhears Tavannes discussing Bondot's killing the next day. It seems that the death of "the sea beggar" has been ordered by the Queen Mother. Steven tries to tell Gaston about the assassination, but is thrown out of Coligny's home as a spy. He meets up with Anne and they take refuge in Preslin's shop as the tocsin rings.

Admiral de Coligny returns home and tells Nicholas that he has persuaded the King to ally with the Dutch. For this he has gained a nickname: "The Sea Beggar. It's a title I'd be proud of."

PRIEST OF DEATH (drn: 24'33")

Next day, at a council meeting at the Louvre, the bored King listens as Tavannes and Coligny argue about the war with Spain. Coligny insults the Queen Mother who leaves in anger. Teligny, a councillor, warns Coligny against such behaviour, since the Queen Mother is the real power behind France's throne.

Steven and Anne visit the Abbot, whom Steven addresses as the Doctor. However, when Tavannes arrives they have to hide and overhear Tavannes and the Abbot discussing the shooting of Coligny. The pair manage to slip away, but Colbert arrives and says that Steven is a known friend of the Huguenots. Tavannes' anger turns on the Abbot.

Steven manages to warn Nicholas about the gunman in time, and Nicholas rushes to the Rue des Fosses St Germain where Bondot has shot the Admiral – but only wounded him. Tavannes blames the failure of the killing on the Abbot, and orders him to be killed to incite anti-Huguenot feeling. At the Louvre, a shocked King orders Tavannes to protect the Admiral at his home. The Queen Mother than tells the King that they must kill the Huguenots to prevent the King being replaced by Prince Henry.

At Coligny's, Steven hears that the Abbot has been murdered in the streets by the Huguenots. He rushes there to find the old man's body in the gutter. Colbert incites the Catholic crowd to riot, and Steven is chased away by the guards . . .

BELL OF DOOM (drn: 25'06")

Believing the Doctor to be dead, Steven hides at Preslin's apothecary with Anne, and tries to find the TARDIS key. However, the Doctor then enters and reveals that he has been busy getting Preslin safely out of Paris. Anne reveals that the date is August 23rd 1572. The Doctor suddenly tells her to go to her aunt's home and not venture outside the next day for the St Bartholomew's Day celebrations.

At the Louvre, the Queen Mother ignores Tavannes' list of Protestants who must die and decrees that all Huguenots, except Prince Henry, must perish. Tavannes is shocked, but instructs Simon to get the prince to safety. As the curfew ends, the Doctor and Steven see Tavannes' men smash their way into Coligny's house as they make their way to the TARDIS. As they depart Paris, the massacre of the Huguenots begins . . .

Learning from the Doctor that 10,000 Huguenots died in Paris that day – including the Admiral and Nicholas – Steven is horrified that the Doctor sent Anne to her death. When the TARDIS lands on a common in present-day England, Steven storms out angrily. The Doctor muses sadly on his companion's inability to understand the importance of maintaining history. A cockney schoolgirl suddenly bursts into the ship to report an accident. She is followed by Steven who says that two policemen are approaching. The TARDIS dematerialises with the girl, Dorothea "Dodo" Chaplet still on board. Steven is astonished to hear that her grandfather was French, and wonders if she could be Anne's descendant.

Opposite page, above: Marshal Tavannes (André Morell), Catherine de Medici (Joan Young), Charles IX (Barry Justice), and de Coligny (Leonard Sachs) plot for control of France.

Opposite, below: The Doctor (William Hartnell) and Steven (Peter Purves) relax in Paris.

This page, clockwise from top: Charles IX; Marshal Tavannes; Catherine de Medici; Admiral de Coligny. Photos © BBC

PRODUCTION

Above:
Marshal Tavannes plots with the Queen Mother.
Photo © BBC

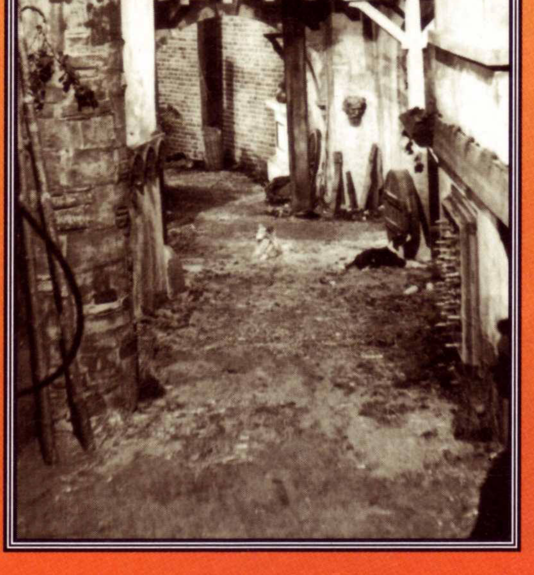
Since writing *The Aztecs* in 1964, John Lucarotti had been working on scripts for such series as *The Avengers, The Man in Room 17* and *Mogul*. *Doctor Who* story editor Dennis Spooner invited Lucarotti on Wednesday 24th February 1965 to submit an idea for another historical story. During discussions on Friday 26th, they decided to attempt a story with an Indian setting. Spooner explained that there was little urgency for the scripts at this stage, as there was some doubt over whether two of the show's stars, Jacqueline Hill and William Russell, would be renewing their contracts following May 1965. It was agreed that the Indian scripts would not have to be delivered until Tuesday 1st June.

Lucarotti started his research for the serial, and on Tuesday 22nd March had a meeting with Waris Hussein, the young Indian director who had worked on Lucarotti's *Marco Polo* the previous year. Hussein told the writer that there was very little of interest in Indian history that could be used as a central plot prior to the seventeenth century. Instead, Hussein suggested that the events of the Indian Mutiny in 1857 would form a suitable basis for a serial. This idea had already been investigated in 1963 when Terry Nation had submitted an ultimately unused serial entitled *The Red Fort*.

Contacting Spooner, Lucarotti discussed the Indian Mutiny idea and was dismayed to learn that there was now an edict on the series that historical stories had to be set prior to 1600 (a ruling which had presumably not been in force when Spooner's *The Reign of Terror* had entered production the previous year). However, Spooner was impressed with the idea and agreed to discuss it with producer Verity Lambert and Head of Serials Donald Wilson.

A few days later, Spooner returned to Lucarotti with the verdict – no exception could be made for the Indian Mutiny storyline. Apologising, Spooner offered Lucarotti the chance to select another historical era. Lucarotti suggested the time of the Vikings. Spooner confirmed his interest, giving the writer a verbal agreement that this four-part serial would be made.

As he worked on his Viking research in April and early May, Lucarotti heard that there had been changes at the *Doctor Who* production office. Donald Tosh had replaced Spooner as story editor, while John Wiles was actively trailing Lambert as the new producer. Unaware of the situation arranged by his predecessor, Tosh rang Lucarotti and invited him to submit a storyline for the series. Lucarotti pointed out that he was already working on a storyline on a verbal commitment from Spooner. At the end of May, Lucarotti met Tosh for the first time and discussed his Viking research. The meeting ended with an approval to produce a storyline.



Right:
One of the Parisian street sets.
Photo © Michael Young

The theme chosen by Lucarotti was the discovery of Newfoundland by Eric the Red, featuring Ian, Barbara and Vicki as the companions (although he was aware that the roles of Barbara and Ian would have to be rewritten). In the storyline, the TARDIS lands in Greenland in 1002AD, with the ship's systems failing and requiring a certain mineral that can only be found in Newfoundland for repairs. Fortunately, a group of Vikings with a longboat are at hand, and the Doctor offers to guide them across the oceans to a new world which is rich in woodlands. Leaving the TARDIS in Greenland, the Doctor's party join Eric the Red's crew in the long journey and help the Vikings overcome their fear about reaching the end of the world. On arrival in Newfoundland, Ericsson decides that the TARDIS crew should remain there, but the Doctor – realising the very high tides of the area – pretends to wield magic powers by making the seas vanish and temporarily strand the longboat. Rather than risk further magic, Ericsson agrees to take the Doctor's group back to the TARDIS with the minerals to make the ship operational.

On Tuesday 8th June Lucarotti had a meeting with Wiles and Tosh to discuss his submitted storyline, and learnt that they wanted certain changes. Tosh and Wiles were particularly keen to develop the character of the Doctor in a new direction, and instill more mystery and menace in the series. Lucarotti took all these comments on board, and over the next ten days redrafted the storyline in accordance with the suggestions. On two occasions he rang Tosh to confirm the changes he was making and found the story editor very enthusiastic. On Tuesday 22nd June Lucarotti submitted his revised twelve-page outline – and was astounded to receive a letter of rejection from Tosh and Wiles on Thursday 24th, along with comments that it was unsuitable and that the mystery and menace he had inserted at their request could "not be guaranteed".

Having now generated two unused storylines and been guaranteed a serial by Spooner, Lucarotti now placed the situation in the hands of his agents to take up with the BBC. To avoid further disputes, Tosh immediately agreed to discuss another storyline with Lucarotti which would be purchased as a workable serial. One element that Wiles wanted to use in the series was the horrors of religious conflict, which he felt to be a dramatically strong theme for *Doctor Who* in comparison to the fantastic storylines he had inherited from Lambert and Spooner. It was apparently Tosh who came up with the exact setting of the massacre of Huguenots in Paris that took place on St Bartholomew's Eve in 1572. Tosh commissioned the storyline from Lucarotti on Friday 7th July, and the target delivery date of the four scripts on Serial W was set at Friday 17th September.

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

William Hartnell was keen to appear in a serial where he did not play the Doctor, and had suggested such an idea around this time only to have it turned down by the production team. The basis for his idea, referred to as *The Son of Doctor Who*, was that the Doctor would encounter his evil son – also played by Hartnell – who also roamed time and space in a TARDIS. While this concept was never used, Wiles was keen on experimenting with a serial that involved a double for the Doctor.

Lucarotti worked rapidly, and on Tuesday 20th July, Tosh received the four scripts for Serial W, entitled *The War of God*. Keen to proceed carefully with the writer, Tosh confirmed that the storyline was suitable the following day. However, by Tuesday 3rd August, Tosh was asking for second versions of the scripts with rewrites. Lucarotti was paid for his work to date.

It is highly possible that rewrites were required because of the changes in the regular cast. Wiles had decided to dispense with the Vicki character and had initially planned to introduce a new character – Katarina, a Trojan handmaiden – as the new TARDIS crewmember. In the early stages of planning, it became clear that Katarina's character would not work. The character of Sara Kingdom then replaced Katarina in the remaining episodes of *The Daleks' Master Plan*, only to perish at its climax. Lucarotti's scripts thus had to create a new companion for the series. The potential companion was Anne Chaplet, a spirited country girl working as a servant in Paris, and also one of the Protestant Huguenots who would perish in the massacre. With the Doctor absent from the bulk of the serial – allowing Hartnell to play the doppelganger – Anne would team up with Steven and then be saved from certain death at the end of the serial by joining the TARDIS crew.

On Tuesday 28th September Lucarotti delivered the first two amended scripts for *The War of God* to Tosh, with the third episode submitted on Wednesday 6th October and the final one on Friday 8th October. Tosh verbally accepted these submissions to Lucarotti at the time, and confirmed this in writing on Monday 15th November. The truth of the matter was that the scripts were still not what Tosh and Wiles required, and it was decided to pay Lucarotti off in full for his scripts and make further changes as part of Tosh's editing.

Each of Lucarotti's scripts generally covered a single day, and none of them had any reprises from the previous installment. When the scripts arrived, Tosh – who was very familiar with the subject matter – found a number of historical mistakes which he had to alter. Tosh was keen that historical figures such as Admiral Gaspard de Coligny and Nicholas Muss should not be mis-represented at all, and that documented history should be adhered to.

In the script for the first episode, Anne Chaplet refers to a conversation she has overheard about Vassy, the town where in March 1562 the Catholic Duke of Guise slaughtered a Huguenot congregation – a starting point for one of the religious upheavals in France. The Abbot of Amboise does not appear to be a true historical character, with the name Amboise apparently coming from the scene of an aborted conspiracy against the Duke of Guise in 1560. The Duke of Guise was assassinated in 1563, and it was believed that Admiral de Coligny was responsible. The Cardinal of Lorraine, also referred to as being the Abbot's superior, was part of the Duke of Guise's family.

In the *Doctor Who* version of events, it seems that the TARDIS materialises at noon on Thursday 21st August 1572 (meaning that the wedding of Henry of Navarre was on Wednesday 20th), the events of the second episode take place on Friday 22nd, the assassination attempt on de Coligny is at noon on Saturday 23rd with the Abbot's death later that afternoon, and the TARDIS then departs at dawn on Sunday 24th. In the real history, the Protestant Huguenots would have been assembled in Paris on Monday 18th for the marriage of their King of Navarre to Marguerite, the sister of France's young Catholic king, Charles IX. Admiral Gaspard il de Coligny, a Huguenot, had a great influence over King Charles, persuading him to help the Dutch Protestants – known as "sea beggars" – to gain independence from the Catholic rule of Spain, and also to prevent civil war in France by making the country forget its internal differences with a war against Spain in the low countries. It was the arrival of Navarre which meant that Catherine de Medici, the Queen Mother, had to act to maintain the Catholic influence at court. She feared de Coligny's influence over her son, and so agreed to a plot proposed by the House of Guise to assassinate de Coligny, with Marshal Gaspard de Saux-Tavannes and the Catholic council members hiring an assassin called Maurevert (codenamed Bondot). On the morning of Friday 22nd, de Coligny was shot by Maurevert as he returned along the Rue de St Germain from a council meeting at the Louvre. Two of his fingers were shot off and one of his arms crippled, and it was de Coligny's assistant, Nicholas Muss, who helped to carry the Admiral home. Charles immediately visited his friend and promised him the act would be revenged (which did not happen in the scripts).

Because of the failed assassination attempt, Paris was soon alive with rumours of a strong Protestant reaction. To prevent this, Catherine de Medici persuaded the King that it was necessary for prominent Huguenots such as de Coligny to die, convincing him of a Calvanist plot against him. Charles reluctantly agreed to let the Guises start the slaughter, but insisted that if it was to happen, then all Huguenots must die; "leave nobody to reproach me". The signal for the massacre was the ringing of the church bell as the Admiral died. The bloodbath began in early hours of Sunday 24th, the Feast of Bartholomew, when de Coligny was attacked in his house by a gang of ruffians, disembowled and thrown from his bedroom window naked before being beheaded. The call of alarm set the mob murdering the Protestants, even in the Louvre itself. Even after a royal order the next day, the carnage continued into a third day, by which time similar events had taken place in Orleans, Bordeaux and Toulouse. Disturbances continued to the October, and it is estimated that three thousand died in Paris alone.

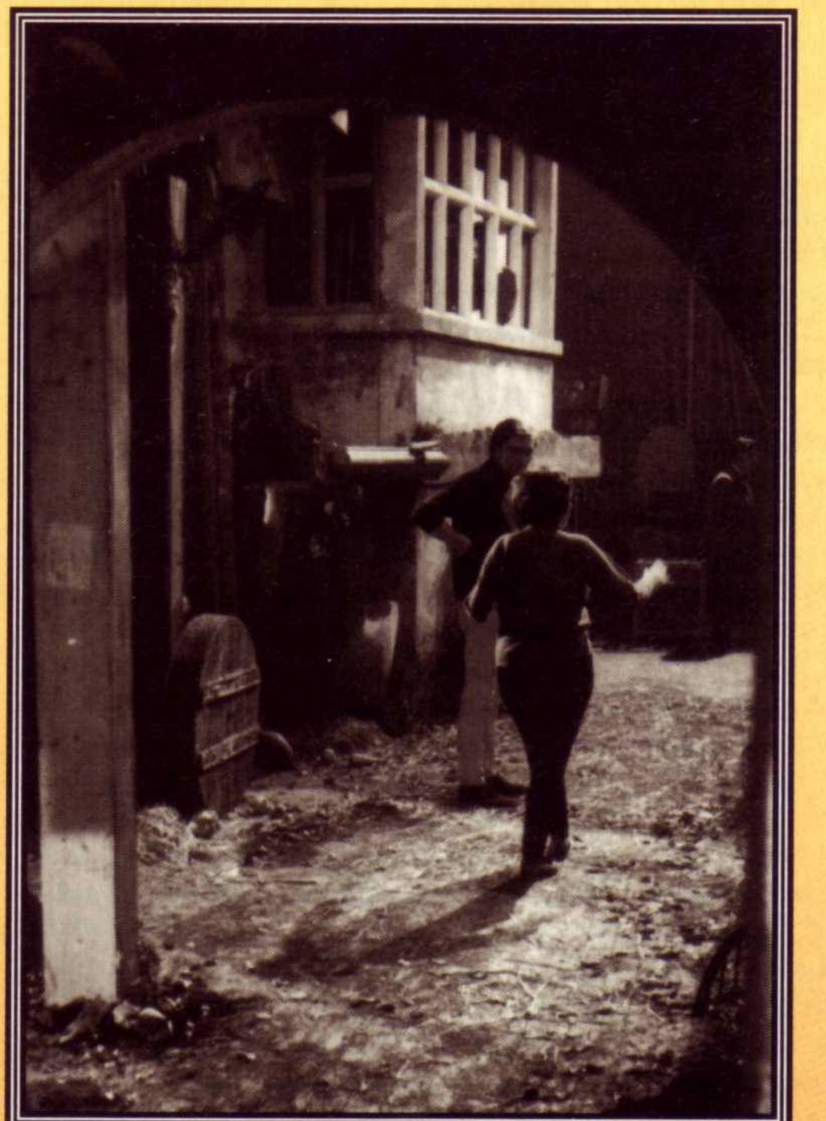
Tosh's rewrites also added small continuity details, such as Steven saying that he has been in Egypt during the first episode when talking to the Huguenots – this being a reference to the Egyptian segment of the preceding serial, *The Daleks' Master Plan*. Tosh had also written a long speech for Hartnell at the end of the serial in which the Doctor referred to his previous companions, Susan, Vicki, Barbara and Chesterton (which the Doctor would initially mis-pronounce as Chatterton).

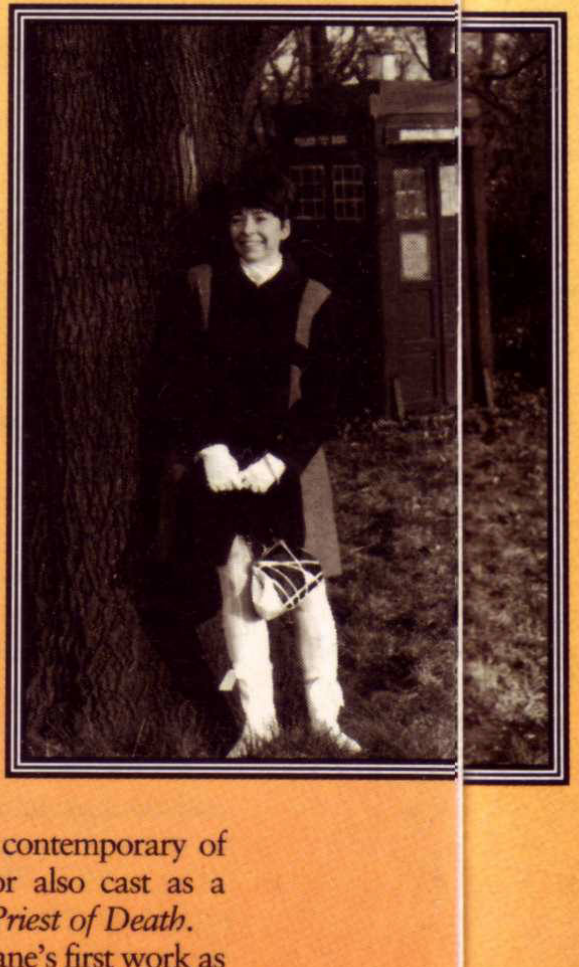
Serial W adopted a new title, *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*, in late 1965, with *War of God* retained as the title of the first episode. Much confusion has surrounded the title of the serial, although the four camera scripts all bear the full title on their front pages. BBC Enterprises referred to the serial as *The Massacre of Bartholomew* when marketing the story abroad, and BBC photographs of the period bear the title *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew*. From 1976, various reference guides shortened the title to *The Massacre*.

Tosh's rewrites on the serial were so extensive that Lucarotti at one point asked that his name be removed from the project. One of the elements that Tosh changed was Anne Chaplet. He felt that whisking Anne away from death in 1572 was against the show's principle of not altering established Earth history. Wiles agreed, and although Anne was left in the main storyline, the conclusion of the serial was heavily rewritten. Instead of Anne traveling on with the Doctor and Steven, she was left behind to stay in Paris and face the onslaught. Tosh then wrote new scenes at the end to introduce Anne's replacement – Dorothea "Dodo" Chaplet – whose French grandfather suggested that she was indeed a descendant of Anne's. Other changes made to the script by Tosh were the splitting of scripts so that, in general, Hartnell would play only the Doctor or the Abbot in each episode – avoiding make-up and costume changes in studio. Hartnell was also granted a week's holiday in January, and was absent from the recording of the second episode.

The director assigned to the serial was Patricia "Paddy" Russell, who joined the crew on Friday 26th November. After training as an actress and appearing in BBC programmes since 1951, Russell became an assistant to producer Rudolph Cartier and worked on the *Quatermass* serials as assistant floor manager. In 1961 she became one of the BBC's first women directors, with serials such as *Return*

Left:
Anne Chaplet (Annette Robertson) seeks the protection of Steven, Nicholas Muss (David Weston) and Gaston (Eric Thompson). Photo © BBC





Right:
Gerry Mill (left) and Paddy Russell on set. Photo © Michael Young

Right, inset:
Jackie Lane's first location photocall took place on Wimbledon Common on 7th January 1966. Photo © BBC

and *Answer*. Turning freelance in 1964, she was given a rolling contract with the BBC and worked on shows such as *Compact* and *Hit and Run*. Russell had been the first choice to direct the two-part serial *Inside the Spaceship* at the end of 1963, but was busy with other work.

The original designer on the serial was to be G Evans, but in the end the role went to Michael Young, working on his only *Doctor Who* serial. Costumes were supervised by Daphne Dare with Sonia Markham in charge of make-up.

The new companion, Dodo, was created by Wiles and Tosh. Dodo was defined as being a carefree teenage working-class orphan, similar to the original character of Anne. The role went to Jackie Lane, a young Manchester-born actress who had acted and stage-managed at the Library Theatre, Manchester. Also having worked under the name Jackie Lenya, Lane's television debut had been on *The Caucasian Circle* and had also appeared in episodes of *Coronation Street, The Villains* and *Compact*. In 1963 Lane had turned down Verity Lambert's offer of the part of Susan in *Doctor Who*. At auditions for Dodo, Wiles recalled Lane from her appearance as a cockney teenager in his play *Never Had It So Good* at the Library Theatre in 1961.

Lane was cast in early December 1965 and contracted for an initial thirteen episodes on Wednesday 29th December, with an option on a further twelve. Lane had long, dark hair at her audition, and Wiles had planned to have her hair arranged differently in each serial. However, before filming began, Lane had her hair cut very short.

Donald Tosh and John Wiles both handed in their resignations from *Doctor Who* as 1966 began. Both men had encountered difficulties in their positions, notably in dealing with Hartnell. Wiles in particular wanted to return to writing. Although he would stay until production concluded on *The Ark* (the serial after *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*) in March 1966, Tosh was to hand over to his successor, Gerry Davis, during January 1966.

Gerry Davis had enjoyed science fiction in his youth and helped set up the Wellsian Youth Club (after HG Wells). After four years in the merchant navy, he became a newspaper reporter in Hastings. Leaving England, Davis became a department store manager in Canada's arctic circle at the age of twenty-one. In his spare time, he wrote for Canadian radio and the Canadian National Film Board, working for Sydney Newman at the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in the Fifties. In 1960 Davis' wife was diagnosed as having leukemia, and the couple returned to Manchester for her treatment. Davis took writing work on Granada shows such as *Coronation Street*. After his wife's death in 1961, Davis won a scholarship to Italy where he studied opera and worked as a cinema translator for eighteen months. Returning to England in 1964, Davis developed a schools course in television writing. When a copy of the course reached Donald Wilson, Davis was offered the post of story editor on the BBC soap *199 Park Lane*, and then moved to Birmingham to work on the football soap, *United!*.

Davis requested work on a London-based series and was offered *Doctor Who*. Disapproving of many of the scripts Tosh had lined up, Davis set about commissioning his own storylines, pinning a photograph and synopsis of every serial to date on the office wall to avoid duplication of story ideas.

It was eventually decided that Tosh should receive a co-credit as author on the final episode of *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve, Bell of Doom*. This was now possible as his contract to work on the series had expired, and he had also written the bulk of the end of the episode, as well as extensive rewrites on the main plot. Davis' first story editor credit therefore came on this closing episode.

PARIS, EALING

Filming on 35mm began at Stages 3A and 3B of the Television Film Studios, Ealing on Monday 3rd January, 1966. The first day was spent on the sequence in the first episode, *War of God*, in which two of the Cardinal's soldiers search the Paris streets for the fleeing Anne Chaplet. The two cast members required were Annette Robertson (who had come to prominence in a Ken Russell film for *Monitor* in 1964) as Anne and Clive Cazes as the Captain of the Guard. A photocall was held this day to get shots of Robertson as Anne in the Parisian streets.

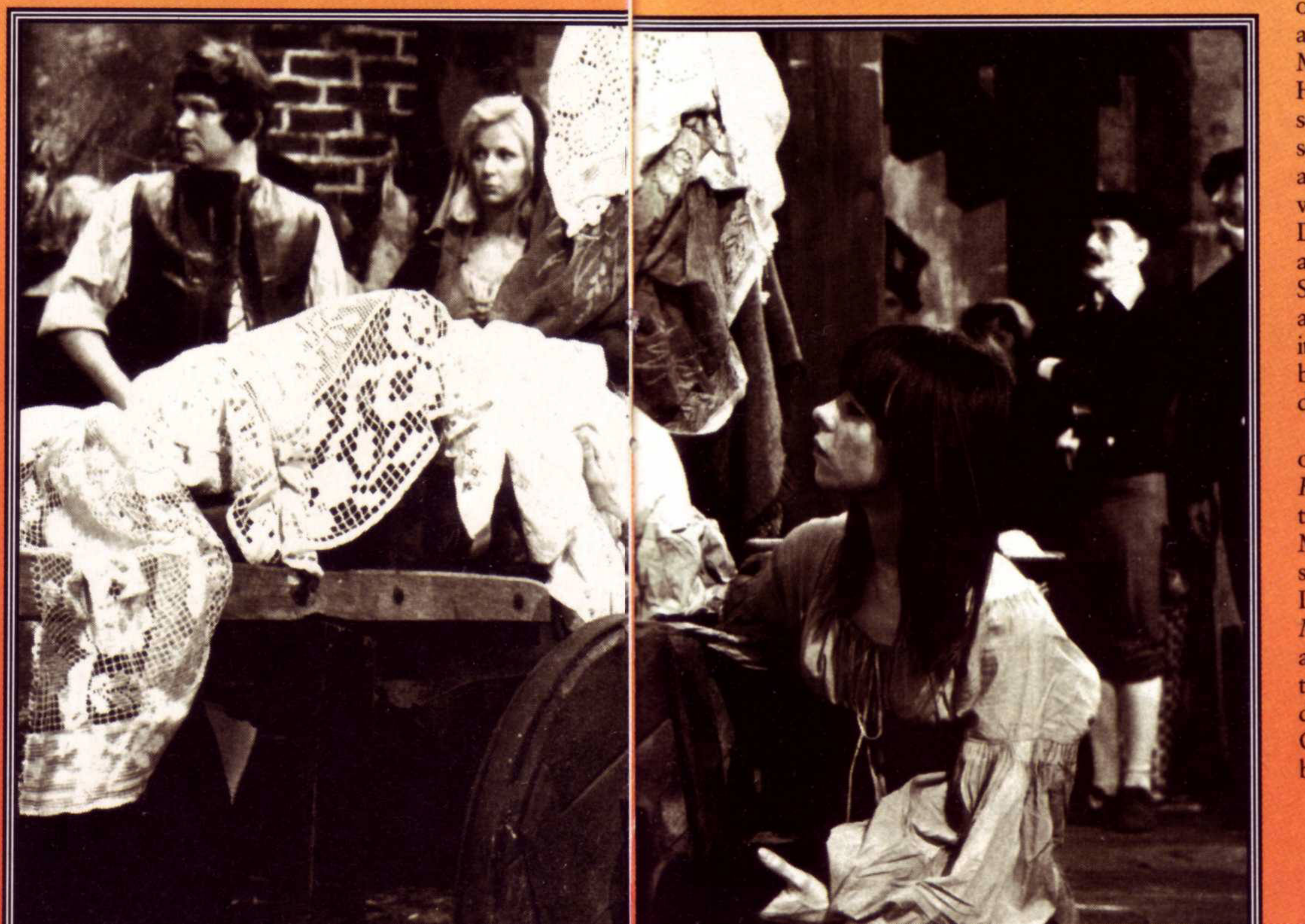
Tuesday 4th saw the same Paris street set featured as the Rue des Fosses St Germain in the third episode, *Priest of Death*. This was for the long sequence in which de Coligny, walking home with Teligny, is shot by Bondot. This scene required Leonard Sachs, Michael Bilton and David Weston. Sachs was best known as the host of the variety series *The Good Old Days*. He had also appeared in the Rudolph Cartier version of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in 1954. Also filmed on this day were inserts of Sachs, Weston and Bilton which would form part of the massacre film sequence in the final episode.

Wednesday 5th saw more shooting on the street set, with scenes for *Priest of Death* which showed Nicholas hurrying to warn the Admiral about the shooting, and parts of the film sequence for the second episode, *The Sea Beggar*, in which Anne shadows Steven through the streets of Paris at curfew. Since Peter Purves could not be released from rehearsals on *The Daleks' Master Plan: The Abandoned Planet* that day, Russell concentrated on the shots with Annette Robertson and used extra John Clifford to double for Purves in long shots.

Thursday 6th was the final day at the Ealing sound stages, and the day on which both Hartnell and Purves could be released from rehearsals on the preceding Dalek serial. Hartnell's only filmed sequence – part of *The Sea Beggar* – was as the Abbot, talking to Colbert in a silent sequence. The remainder of the day was spent on sequences of Steven listening at the window of the Abbot's house, evading the comings and goings of two guards, a priest and Roger, and also all his material with Anne for the end of the episode held over from the previous day.

One day of location filming was performed on Friday 7th January at Windmill Lane, a road running across Wimbledon Common. This was for the two short film inserts in *Bell of Doom* in which Dodo enters the TARDIS, and then a woman walking a dog sees the police box dematerialise. This was a change to the original film schedule in which it had been hoped that William Russell and Jacqueline Hill would appear in cameos as Ian and Barbara walking across the Common – the scene having them hear the TARDIS departing and arriving just too late as it vanished. The part was readapted and given to Marguerite Young, a former BBC employee and contemporary of Russell's whom the director also cast as a Parisian extra in studio for *Priest of Death*.

Because this was Jackie Lane's first work as the new companion, a photocall was held for her – although these shots were issued to the press in conjunction with the first episode of *The Ark*. The TARDIS prop used on location was in a poor state of repair, held upright by wooden props. One of its sides had been replaced by a dummy wall from a similar prop (with a totally different layout of the windows).



Rehearsals for the serial started on Monday 17th January and were held at the Territorial Army Drill Hall on Bulwer Street. New members of the cast included Eric Thompson and Erik Chitty. Thompson had started to write and narrate the imported cartoon *The Magic Roundabout* the previous year, and had also presented *Play School*. Chitty had appeared in comedy shows such as ATV's *If The Crown Fits*.

Recording of *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* began on Friday 21st January 1966 with *War of God*. A BBC photocall was held during the afternoon camera rehearsals for scenes set inside the tavern. All four episodes of the serial were recorded at Riverside Studio 1 between 8.30pm and 9.45pm in the evening, with camera rehearsals throughout the day. At this point, *Doctor Who* was being recorded just over two weeks in advance of transmission.

After the opening title sequence and a fade to black, each episode opened with a camera shot of a print showing sixteenth century Paris. Over this, the episode title and writer credit were superimposed. On the first episode, this was backed by eighteen seconds of *Hunted Man*, a piece of stock music composed by Pierre Arvay and taken from the album *Illustrations No. 4*. An additional forty-three seconds of the same track backed the film sequence of Anne being hunted during the episode. The use of music from library records was a cost-cutting measure, and no music was specially composed for the serial.

A very important aspect of the production for Russell was the used of sound effects to create an authentic background. The opening shots of the episode, and various others set in the city streets, used the sounds of horses and carts on Paris' cobbled streets along with general bustle of the inhabitants to add extra life to the city. Birdsong was used for the scenes set at Preslin's apothecary, and the tocsin bell rang curfew towards the end of the episode.

To avoid showing the TARDIS materialising, the craft landed behind some gates in a small cul-de-sac representing the Rue de Bethisy, with the sound effect played into the studio. Noting the setting of the story, Russell had the scene lit to give the appearance of an August heatwave at noon.

Only one recording break was scheduled for the evening; after the initial scene on the Rue de Bethisy where the Doctor and Steven return to the TARDIS. This allowed Hartnell and Purves to change into their sixteenth century clothing for the subsequent scenes. Later on, while the bulk of the scene fell on Purves' shoulders, Hartnell was able to change costumes and take the robes of the Father Abbot for the final shots in the Abbot's apartment. The print of Paris was again shown at the end of the episode, over which the 'Next Episode' caption and the roller of cast and credits were superimposed.

After the recording of *War of God*, Hartnell left for a week's holiday. The Doctor did not feature at all in *The Sea Beggar*, and Hartnell had already shot his single filmed insert for the episode at Ealing some weeks earlier. Joining the cast on Monday 24th January for rehearsals was Andre Morell, a highly respected actor whom Russell had worked with on *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and *Quatermass and the Pit*, and whose television career began in the Thirties. Morell had been put under contract to appear as Marshal Tavannes in December 1965, preventing him from taking a part offered to him on the movie *Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150 AD* which started shooting at Shepperton Studios on Monday 31st January.

The Sea Beggar was taped on Friday 28th January, with sixteen seconds of *Hunted Man* played over the episode captions and print of Paris. The episode was planned to be recorded straight through with no taping breaks at all. One minute thirty-two seconds of *Frightened Man*, another composition of Arvay's from *Illustrations No. 4* was used on the film sequences of Steven evading the guards near the Cardinal's house and for the scene of Anne following Steven through the city streets. Again, the episode ended with the 'Next Episode' caption over the Paris print.

TWIN DILEMMAS

Joining the cast for *Priest of Death* was Joan Young, an actress who had been very active on radio since the war years, as well as appearing in the sitcom *Doctor Knock* and as Matron in the radio version of *Whacko!*. Hartnell and Purves were both absent from some of the rehearsals on this episode to film scenes for *The Ark* at Ealing Studios on the afternoon of Thursday 3rd February, for which they were joined by Jackie Lane. During rehearsals, Roy Denton was taken ill and so his role of "1st Man" was given to Will Stampe. However, because *Radio Times* had already gone to press, Denton was still credited with the role in the cast listing – and has been listed in episode guides every since, despite his non-appearance in the series.

Priest of Death was recorded at Riverside on Friday 4th February, with a photocall for *Radio Times* in the afternoon which concentrated on shots of characters like Tavannes, de Medici, de Coligny and Charles IX on the new set representing the council chamber in the Louvre. This time, thirteen seconds of *Hunted Man* was used to back the captions and print at the start of the episode. One minute thirty-two seconds of *Frightened Man* was heard during the film sequence of the attempt on de Coligny's life by Bondot. Only one recording break was scheduled before the final scene in the Paris street, allowing the flats for Nicholas' office and the Louvre to be struck.

In this episode Hartnell featured as the Abbot of Amboise throughout. While keen to keep the audience guessing (along with Steven) about whether the Abbot was the Doctor or not, Russell was also very aware that the two characters should be distinctly different.

The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve started transmission the following day, and ran on BBC1 for four consecutive Saturdays from 5th February. Starting with *War of God*, *Doctor Who* swapped time slots with *Juke Box Jury* and moved back to 5.15pm. *Radio Times* for 5th-11th February 1966 previewed the new serial with a one-third page article entitled *Dr Who* and a photograph of the Doctor and Steven in the tavern from *War of God*. The same issue also had a Dalek-related item in an article about *The Man from UNCLE*, then being screened by BBC1 on Thursdays. Sam Rolfe, who had created the popular secret agent show, had visited the set of *The Daleks' Master Plan: Golden Death* in December 1965, and expressed an interest in the Daleks – with the article showing Rolfe meeting one of the metal monsters.

Rehearsals on *Bell of Doom* began on Monday 7th February, and the script included some important speeches for Hartnell, most notably his soliloquy in the TARDIS as he sadly ponders the departure of his companions. During rehearsals, Hartnell expressed concern about being able to handle the whole speech, but after Tosh congratulated him on his performance at the read-through, the actor agreed to keep the full version instead of asking for it to be shortened – as Tosh had feared. The speech was very important to Tosh, encapsulating his fundamental views on *Doctor Who*. In this scene, the Doctor indicates that he cannot even return to his own planet, although no further explanation of this was given. Joining the cast for rehearsals was Leslie Bates, who had previously appeared on *Doctor Who* as the Man at Lop in *Marco Polo: The Roof of the World*.

Recording on the story concluded with *Bell of Doom* on Friday 11th February, this being Jackie Lane's first episode in studio. As before, the episode began and ended with the caption of Paris, and used thirteen seconds of *Hunted Man* behind the opening titles. Several other prints supplied by the Trustees of the British Museum were used for the massacre itself. Over these was shown the film sequence of the killings with the deaths of de Coligny and the Protestants, backed by one minute ten seconds of *Little Prelude*, another Arvay piece

Above:
Paddy Russell sets up a tracking shot on the Paris exterior set. Photo © Michael Young

Left:
Anne Chaplet hides from the Cardinal's soldiers. Photo © BBC

from *Illustrations No. 4*. Sound effects of screaming, burning and general chaos were also overlaid.

One recording break was planned for the evening and came directly after the film sequence of the massacre, allowing Hartnell and Purves to change into their normal costumes for their final scene in the TARDIS control room. With Lane's looks and stature, it was possible for the Doctor to comment to Steven that Dodo strongly reminded him of his granddaughter, Susan.

With much of his work on *The Celestial Toymaker* being rewritten by Davis, Donald Tosh left *Doctor Who* at the end of the serial. After writing the children's serial *The Mystery of Cantry Hall* for Southern Television, he returned to the BBC as a story editor on such series as *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes* and *Ryan International*. Around 1967 Tosh also submitted a story proposal to the *Doctor Who* office. Entitled *The Rosacrutians* (aka *The Rose Marriners*), the storyline dealt with a planet in the far future where alien roses are the dominant life-form and split into two factions: some peace-loving and some war-like. The Doctor arrives and helps with a rebellion of the enslaved humanoid gardeners. Leaving the television industry in the mid-Seventies, Tosh worked for a while in retail before becoming the custodian of St Mawes castle in Cornwall.

The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve was the turning point in *Doctor Who*'s ratings success. With the exception of *The Sensorites: A Race Against Death*, the series had always been in the Top 50 programmes of the week, with over six million viewers tuning in since the arrival of the Daleks. *War of God*'s ratings of eight million were good, but with *The Sea Beggar*, *Doctor Who* fell to the foot of the Top 100 chart and just below the six million mark. Most ITV regions scheduled the popular family variety show *Thank Your Lucky Stars* in direct opposition to *Doctor Who*.

The story was sold abroad as 16mm film recordings from the 405 line videotapes. ABC in Australia purchased it in October 1966 and passed the episodes uncut with a 'G' rating, repeating the serial in 1968. New Zealand purchased the show in October 1968, screening it in spring 1969. The serial was also sold to the Caribbean, Sierra Leone (in August 1970), Zambia and Singapore (who received the New Zealand prints in 1972). By 1974, however, BBC Enterprises were no longer trying to sell the serial abroad and the films were junked. None of the episodes had been selected for preservation by the BBC's Film and Videotape Library.

This was the final of Lucarotti's three historical adventures that the author novelised for WH Allen, the adaptation taking five months to complete in early 1986. Having agreed to adapt all his serials, Lucarotti had left this until last because of his dissatisfaction with Tosh's rewrites. In particular, the writer wanted to re-establish the Doctor's role in events which included impersonating the Abbot and playing an active role in averting de Coligny's assassination. After research in Paris (concerning the tunnels under the city, many of which now form the Metro system) and in London, the writer received approval from WH Allen editor Nigel Robinson to completely restructure the plot. Lucarotti's research also turned up an old woodcut of the assassination attempt, with an elderly abbot standing in a doorway. The material with Dodo was deleted, although she was still referred to in the new framing material: a sequence in which the Doctor stands trial before the Time Lords for his actions in Paris, 1572.

The novel was published as *Doctor Who – The Massacre* in hardback by WH Allen in June 1987, with a cover by Tony Masero. A paperback edition from Target followed in November, numbered 122 in the range. In September 1992 Target issued the paperback again, this time with a new cover by Alister Pearson. In 1987 the Doctor Who Appreciation Society released *Space Adventures*, a tape of stock music used in the series which included *Little Prelude, Hunted Man* and *Frightened Man* in their entirety.

Although audio recordings of the serial survive in private hands, there is no known visual record of the serial in terms of videotapes, film recordings or even telesnaps.

Andrew Pixley

Andrew would like to dedicate this Archive *to the memory of John Lucarotti*

Serial W The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve

CAST: William Hartnell (*Dr Who/Abbot of Amboise*)* and Peter Purves (*Steven*) with Andre Morell (*Marshal Tavannes*) [2-4], Leonard Sachs (*Admiral de Coligny*) [2-4] and David Weston (*Nicholas*), Annette Robinson (*Anne*) with Eric Thompson (*Gaston*) [1-2,4], John Tillinger (*Simon*) [1-2,4], Edwin Finn (*Landlord*) [1-2], Christopher Tranchell (*Roger*) [1-2?], Erik Chitty (*Preslin*) [1], Clive Cazes (*Captain of the Guard*) [1,3], Reginald Jessup (*Servant*) [1-3], Cynthia Etherington (*Old Lady/Old Woman*) [2-3]**, Barry Justice (*Charles IX*) [3], Joan Young (*Catherine de Medici*) [3-4], Michael Bilton (*Teligny*) [3-4], Norman Claridge (*Priest*) [3], Will Stampe (*1st Man*) [3]***, Ernest Smith (*2nd Man*) [3], Jack Tarran (*1st Guard*) [4], Leslie Bates (*2nd Guard*) [4], John Slavid (*Officer*) [4], Jackie Lane (*Dodo*) [4].
* Hartnell is credited as Dr Who on *War of God* and *Bell of Doom*, and as Abbot of Amboise on *The Sea Beggar* and *Priest of Death*.
** Etherington is credited as Old Lady on *The Sea Beggar* and Old Woman on *Priest of Death*.
*** Will Stampe replaced Roy Denton at short notice, hence *Radio Times* credits Roy Denton.

EXTRAS: Robert Bartlett (*Small Boy*); Edward Granville, David Ronowski, Emmett Hennesey, Ken McGarvie, Ken Dougall, Leslie Conrad, Charles O'Rourke, Peter Day, Denis Plenty (*Tavern Customers*); Vic Taylor (*Cardinal's Guard*); Valerie Cox, Katie Heal, Valerie Taylor, Jean Channon, Elizabeth Forbes, Susan Lane, Susan Farr, Tom Sye, David J Grahame, Reg Cranfield, John Beerbohm, Ernest Smith, John Lawrence, Bill Howes, Charles Erskine, Fred Rawlings, John Pollock, Charles Gilbert, Daryl Richards, David Olive (*Passers-by*); Juba Kennelly (*Old Man*); Hugh Cecil (*Priest*); Pat Gorman, John Freeman (*Guards*); John Clifford (*Double for Steven*); George Romano (*Usher*); Graham Tunbridge, Nigel Bernard, Leslie Shannon, Robert Pearson (*Councillors*); Denis Plenty, Nigel James (*Guards*); Norton Clarke, Ralph Katterns, Derek Martin, Eddie Davis, Yanos Jurchi, Ricki Patterson, Peter Stewart, Valerie Stanton, Andre Cameron (*Secretary/Council Member/Assassin/Citizens of Paris*); Elisabeth Digby-Smith, Elaine Laniado, Marguerite Young, Leila Forde, Ursula Glanville, Joanna Hobson, Margo Abbot, Harry Mitchell, Harry Hymes, Gerry Holmes, Barry Noble, Declan Cuff, John Terrell, Alan Wakeling, Pat Leclerc, Len Russell, Edward Phillips, Eric Mills, Donald Campbell, Fred Taylor (*Parisians*); Alan Viccars (*Servant*); Derek Schaffer, Frances Whilley, Montagu Howard, James Haswell, Jeffrey Witterick, Roy Pierce, Jim Appleby, Mike Reid, Arthur McGuire, John Freeman (*Guards*); Marguerite Young (*Passer-by on Common*).

CREDITS: Written by John Lucarotti [1-4] and Donald Tosh [4]. [Title music by Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop - uncredited.] Story Editors: Donald Tosh [1-3], Gerry Davis [4]. Film Cameraman: Tony Leggo [2-3]. Make Up Supervisor: Sonia Markham*. Costume Supervisor: Daphne Dare*. Lighting by Dennis Channon*. Sound by Gordon Mackie*. Designer: Michael Young. Producer: John Wiles. Directed by Paddy Russell.
* Credited on *Bell of Doom* only.

UK BROADCAST DETAILS

War of God	5th February, 1966	5.15pm-5.40pm
The Sea Beggar	12th February, 1966	5.15pm-5.40pm
Priest of Death	19th February, 1966	5.15pm-5.40pm
Bell of Doom	26th February, 1966	5.15pm-5.40pm

Viewing Figures
War of God: 8.0M (45th), *The Sea Beggar*: 6.0M (96th), *Priest of Death*: 5.9M (92nd), *Bell of Doom*: 5.8M (94th)

Audience Appreciation Figures
War of God: 52%, *The Sea Beggar*: 52%, *Priest of Death*: 49%, *Bell of Doom*: 53%

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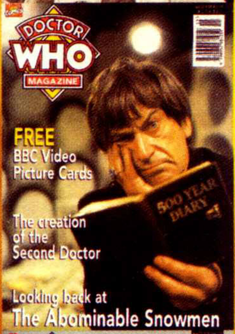
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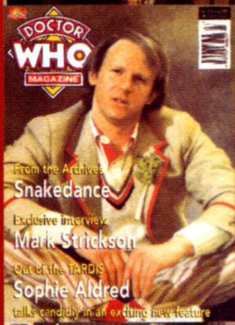
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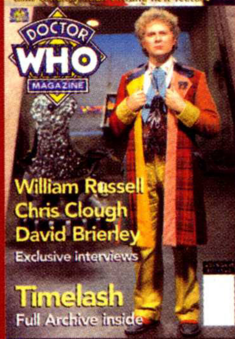
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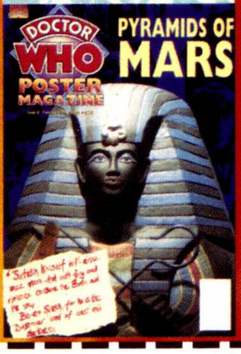
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The Final Analysis

by Gareth Roberts

PART THREE

There was commotion among the gathered hostages as the mask came away in the Doctor's hand. Mrs O'Herlihy came forward and put a hand to her head at the sight of the thin, pale-faced young man who had been hiding behind the identity of the warlord of the Virbles. "Who is he?"

The Doctor shrugged. "Why not ask him?"

Their former captor, previously so terrifying, now looked up at them with a meekness that was almost pathetic. Mrs O'Herlihy felt a pang of maternal instinct; he looked very young and helpless in the huge silver suit. "Well?" she heard herself asking in a reproving tone. "Speak up."

The man swallowed. "It was only supposed to be a game, at the start," he began, in a voice several octaves higher than the deep-throated gurgle of Yargon. "It all got a bit out of control. Sorry."

The Doctor grabbed him by the scruff of his collar and hauled him upright. "A game!" he shouted. "A man is dead!" He pointed in the direction of the lawn. "You don't play games with a ship like that!"

"You don't understand," protested the man. "It wasn't meant to be like this. It's mostly Steve's fault, anyway. He made me do it."

"Steve?" asked Mrs O'Herlihy.

"Er, Vistok. He's the nutter, really. He wouldn't let me stop."

The Doctor held up a hand. "Wait a moment. Start at the beginning."

*

Romana flicked through more of the pile of paperbacks. Images from the covers flashed by; floating cities, impossibly impractical spaceships, marauding aliens of every variety. "It must be some form of delusion," she said eventually. "They believe themselves to be members of a different species."

Phill was glad of the chance to make use of his professional training in psychotherapy. "A false self-image fixation, yeah. Could be. Usually comes from a deep-rooted sense of dissatisfaction with the self, leading to paranoia."

Romana nodded. "And a correspondingly violent reaction to the truth."

Phill's eyes brightened. "You've studied psychology?"

Romana shrugged, trying to look modest. "Among other things."

Suddenly they heard heavy footfalls from the outer companionway, overlaid with a snuffling and snorting. One of the aliens – or whoever they were, Phill corrected himself – was returning. He looked to Romana for guidance; she grabbed him by the hand and dragged him behind one of the mess's tall storage lockers.

He heard the creature pause as it entered. "Thought I'd closed the door," it muttered. "Useless automatic systems." It stomped across the room and began to riffle through a stack of electronic components. "Foolish humans," it chuckled. "They will suffer when I return with the thought-scan." Several of the parts clattered to the floor. "Where is the thought-scan? Can't remember where I had it last, damn." Phill noted the alien's more familiar speech pattern in these circumstances. Cautiously, he poked his head a fraction around the corner of the locker. The big green head of Vistok was turning to look around the room.

And the toppled pile of paperbacks was clearly in view.

"No!" shouted Vistok pettishly. "What has happened here? Who's been interfering with my belongings?" He fumed and clenched his clawed fists. "They were in order!" He looked up, saw Phill, and raised his blaster. "You! Step forward!"

"Run!" shouted Romana, giving him a shove towards the door.

Phill surprised himself by obeying. Trauma reaction, probably. In a couple of seconds he and Romana had fled, the searing bolts of Vistok's too-real blaster fire bursting over their shoulders.

*

Vistok observed the fleeing humans from the door of the mess. Such puny creatures. Their attempts at resistance would serve only to increase the pleasure he would take from their eventual demise. The thought-scan was too good for them.

He reviewed the situation. He could no longer really remember why he and Yargon had come to Krannendale, and he was becoming bored. There had been too much standing around and shouting and not enough death and infliction of pain on this mission. Basically, Yargon was too soft. Taking hostages wasn't any fun unless you were really going to hurt them.

Then something occurred to Vistok. If he couldn't find the thought-scan, there was another weapon to hand. He'd seen it on the way down to this place. Yes, the neutron cannon. That would give the humans a shock or two.

*

The Doctor and Mrs O'Herlihy listened intently as Yargon, or, as he had reintroduced himself, Adam, related his story.

"It all started at school, I suppose. All the sporty kids used to laugh at me and Steve, just because of the books we liked to collect and the games we played. They said we were silly and old-fashioned. Steve used to get a bit manic, even back then, really carried away, as if he really believed in it all. Sometimes he'd try and have a go at the kids who laughed at us. He put one of them into hospital once."

"Excuse me," said the Doctor. "This is all very interesting, but how did you get hold of your spacecraft?"

"Ah." Adam rubbed his nose. "Well, after school, Steve and I got jobs at a space traffic inspection agency. We know all about the different sorts of craft, you see. Anyway, this battle cruiser came in. It had been found drifting in the Nemopithic belt. It was old, but beautiful." His eyes glistened as he went on. "Twin-reaction thrust, grav-clamps, blanker screens, plenty of torture stuff and guns. We kept it in dock as long as possible. The government kept asking us for it, but we kept fobbing them off. It was too good to hand over, a real old alien attack craft. And then we started to play the game again."

"Hmm," said the Doctor. "I meant to ask about that. Don't you think you're a bit old for that sort of thing?"

"Well, it was Steve's fault," Adam protested. "He sent off for the costumes and masks. We only played for a few hours to start with. But then the government started up again, saying they'd sack us if we didn't give the ship over." He licked his lips.

"And?" the Doctor prompted.

"Steve opened fire. He blew the government ships to pieces, and we set off into space. Nobody could catch us at giga-light speed. But then, whenever I tried to stop the game, Steve turned funny. He accused me of being possessed by enemies, and threatened to use the thought-scan on me and break my mind. So I had to go along with him."

"But why did you come here?" asked Mrs O'Herlihy. "And why were you after me?"

"It was all Steve's idea," Adam whined. "We picked up one of your shuttle's border signals, saying you were from Earth. Steve's a bit obsessed with Earth. He really wants to invade it. Doesn't talk about much else, in fact. He wanted to get the co-ordinates from you."

"But there's nothing worth invading for," Mrs O'Herlihy pointed out.

"I know," said Adam, shoulders slumped. "I think Steve's mad."

The Doctor was about to pass comment when Romana and Phill burst into the conference hall. "Doctor," called Romana, rushing to his side. "There's something you ought to know. These Virbles –"

"– are in truth dangerously deluded humans. Yes, I know." He pointed to Adam. "I'm quite capable of working things out for myself, you know. Where's the other one, then?"

Phill answered. "He's on the ship, Doctor. Looks angry. We pushed over his books, you see. Got them messed up. Classic reaction to disruption of his personal reality structure."

Adam gasped. "Oh no. The last time his precious books got knocked over, he . . ."

"Well?" demanded the Doctor.

"He killed some people. A lot of people."

*

Vistock hauled himself up to the roof of the main building of Krannendale and loped across to the three-pronged neutron cannon. The humans' protective devices were easily overcome; he shot off the alarms with quick bursts from his blaster on its low-power setting. The control panel was childishly simple. He understood all about the humans' primitive technology. He waved his claw across the panel and the full weapons menu unfurled on the tiny orders screen. At present the cannon was calibrated to repel intruders in surrounding space, so his first action was to remove the safety cut-outs and activate the reaction mass.

Then he turned on the amplifier unit built into the breast pocket of his suit.

"Listen, humans! You will provide the Earth creature to me now, or I will activate your own weapon and blow this miserable lump of compacted spacedust to atoms!"

*

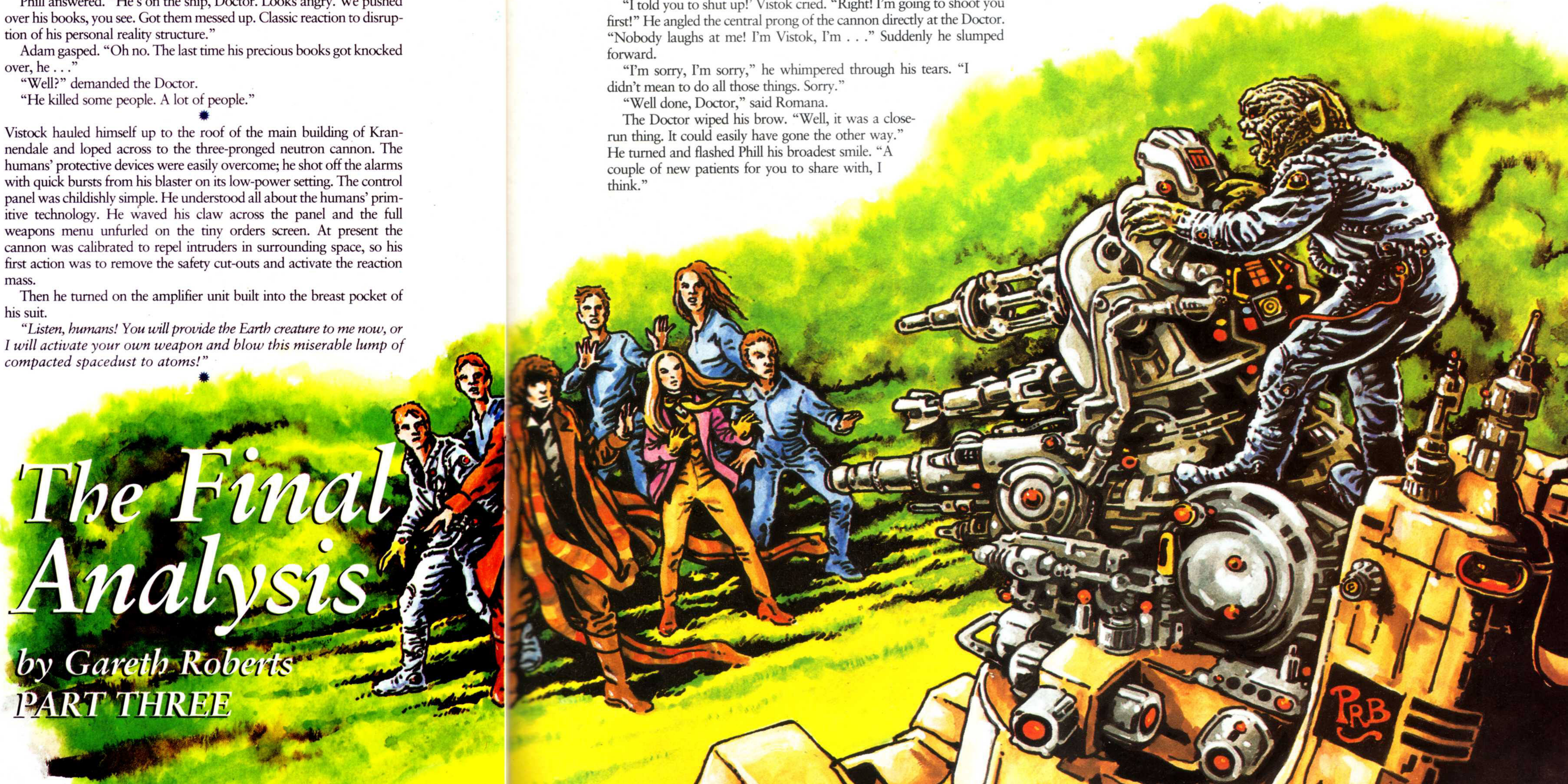

Illustration by Phil Bevan

The Doctor led the rush out onto the lawn, Adam at his heels. Vistok was plainly visible, the silver fabric of his suit flashing in the bright sunlight. His padded bulk was thrown over the neutron cannon, making it look as if he was hugging the weapon, like a child with a toy. "You cannot oppose me now," he shouted down. "I have the power to destroy all of you! Bring me the Earth creature!"

"Come down, Steve," shouted the Doctor. "You don't understand what you're doing."

Vistok hissed. "On the contrary. I know what I must do. The Virble empire will triumph!"

Phill sidled up to the Doctor. 'Watch it. Like, if you question his reality, he might, er, really resist it."

"I have to take the risk." The Doctor turned back to the task in hand. "Listen to me. Look at me."

"Go away," snarled Vistok.

"Nobody's laughing at you anymore," the Doctor shouted up. His voice conveyed a gentle authority. "We're all adults here. Nobody's judging you, Steve. Just put down the cannon and come down, and we can sort something out."

"Virbles never conspire with their enemies," Vistok replied. His grip on the cannon tightened. "Power is mine. True power, all mine." His claw-gloved hands moved over the controls and the middle prong of the cannon shot up, humming with power. "I have set in motion a neutron reaction. All I have to do is press this button . . ." Lovingly he caressed a raised control.

Romana's grip on the Doctor's arm tightened. "Do something!"

"I have been doing something!" he whispered.

"Something useful!"

The Doctor rubbed his chin. "Well, I've got an idea, but the risk is even greater." He stepped forward. "Oi! Steve!" he shouted. "You look really stupid up there, you know."

Adam shook with fear. "No! No, you mustn't, he'll kill us all!"

The Doctor continued. "That mask is really unconvincing. Obviously rubber. And the costume; very tatty. You're not frightening, just daft, really."‘

Vistok stood up. "No! Shut up!"

"And you move in that silly, lumbering way. It's not frightening. Face it, Vistok, you're just a man in a suit. What would your parents say, eh?"

"I told you to shut up!' Vistok cried. "Right! I'm going to shoot you first!" He angled the central prong of the cannon directly at the Doctor. "Nobody laughs at me! I'm Vistok, I'm . . ." Suddenly he slumped forward.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he whimpered through his tears. "I didn't mean to do all those things. Sorry."

"Well done, Doctor," said Romana.

The Doctor wiped his brow. "Well, it was a close-run thing. It could easily have gone the other way." He turned and flashed Phill his broadest smile. "A couple of new patients for you to share with, I think."

Phill backed away. "Er, I think it's not really my sort of job. I'll get on to the security forces, yeah?"

"What a good idea," said the Doctor.

*

A couple of hours later the Doctor and Romana watched from the door of the TARDIS as Adam and Steve were escorted aboard a security saucer despatched from a penitentiary on the nearest planet. Both of them were now dressed in plain blue overalls, and were handcuffed to each other and to a burly police officer.

Phill and Mrs O'Herlihy came towards them across the lawn. "Well, that's all sorted out," said Phill. "We can try and get Krannendale back up and running."

"And I've handed my file to Phill," said Mrs O'Herlihy. "Although after today I'm not sure there's much hope for the human race."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said the Doctor brightly. "You've come a long way in the last few billion years. There aren't many super-evolved protozoa that can say that." He shook their hands. "Tell the folks back home not to get too depressed." Then he and Romana stepped aboard the TARDIS.

A couple of moments later it dematerialized.

"I'm sure I couldn't possibly have seen that," said Mrs O'Herlihy.

"Well, I saw it," said Phill. "I mean, I think I saw what you saw. Hey, you know, when it comes down to it, we have to trust ourselves."

*

"The human mind," mused Romana as she followed the Doctor around the TARDIS console. "All in all, rather a rudimentary device for interfacing with reality."

"Yes," said the Doctor. "Fortunately, the mind of a Time Lord is a good sight tidier. My brain is a model." He pressed a yellow button.

"Of course it is, Doctor,' said Romana, reaching forward quickly to press the yellow button again.

"I mean, I'm not even slightly disorganized." He pulled a lever; Romana reversed its position. "One has to keep the brain clear, it's essential." Suddenly he looked up. "Romana!"

"What?"

He put a hand to his hair. "I've left my hat behind!"

Romana smiled, took the hat from her coat pocket, and popped it on his head.

◆

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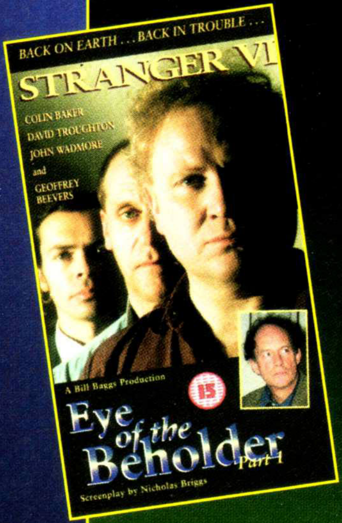
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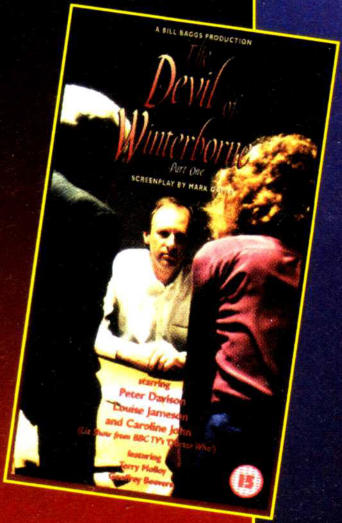
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DOCTOR WHO IS *NOT* SCI-FI

Interesting to read the opinions of Simon Rudman and Tom Spilsbury in **DWM** 231's letter column, and the conclusion they seem to have reached; that in order to return as a great success, the American *Doctor Who* should follow the lead of *Star Trek*. A fascinating idea, but I can spot one tiny flaw in the plan:

Some of us have absolutely no interest in Star Trek.

My problem is simple; I'm not interested in science fiction on the whole, and both Simon and Tom seem to assume that I should be, just because I like *Doctor Who*. My opinion has always been that *Who* has more to do with folklore than with SF, and that its roots lie in Arthurian romance and European mythology (interesting things), not in space opera and phasers-on-stun militarism (tedious things). Yes, it uses SF "props": spaceships, killer robots, etc – but how important are props? And isn't claiming that it's similar to *Star Trek* because they both use these "props" like saying that *'Allo 'Allo* is similar to *Les Miserables* because they're both set in France?

Now, I find the statement "one has to admit that *Star Trek*'s modern-day versions run rings around our programme in almost every respect" alarming not only because I disagree with it, but because comparing the two – whichever you prefer – is about as sensible as comparing fish to grass. They're different genres, with entirely different philosophies. Whether *Doctor Who* returns in a similar format or an entirely new one is unimportant, but why on Earth would anyone want it to follow the lead of a programme that it has absolutely nothing in common with?

And a very dull programme, to boot . . .

Lawrence Miles
Sort of Near London,
But Not That Near.

The thing that really *scares me about aiming a new* Doctor Who *series at the* Star Trek *audience is the notion that they might give it one of those bombastic orchestral scores – you know, that sort of John-Williams-on-a-budget nonsense the Trek people are always serving up. It* could *happen . . .*

TERRIFIC TARDIS TRIVIA

One thing I can't stand when I read *Timelines* is the amount of criticism *Out of the TARDIS* gets. It is one of the best features in the entire history of the magazine. Okay, so I could live without knowing how often Louise Jameson has a haircut, or how Caroline John cleans herself, but it is useless trivia like this that makes the world go round. It makes us more able to relate to persons in the acting profession to know such trivia as who their favourite *Star Trek* person is; it helps you underestand that they are real people too, with likes, dislikes and conceptions of life just like the rest of us. I never realised how much I had in common with Carry John until her *Out of the TARDIS* in **DWM** 230. I don't like the ruthless bang of Nineties music either, and to me Captain Kirk is always going to be captain of the Starship Enterprise.

Out of the TARDIS is now the first thing I turn to in **DWM**, and I'll be voting for it in the next reader's poll.

Ric Parkinson
Grantham,
Lincs.

I am writing in response to Stephen Trump's letter in **DWM** 231. I for one am pleased that *The Highlanders* is to be the next story presented. At the moment I have only the first episode and look forward to seeing the remaining three.

I also have *The Savages* episodes and I stress I would not complain if they were presented in **DWM** as there are obviously people who have never seen the telesnaps.

I don't care in what order **DWM** presents them. I'm looking forward to seeing *The Faceless Ones* as much as *The Evil of the Daleks*. My only complaint is that they have been absent in the last few issues of **DWM** and there has been no explanation why. It would have been helpful if the reader was told in **DWM** 229 that the telesnaps would be back in 233. Apart from that, no complaints, and I look forward to *The Highlanders*.

Richard Melberg
Hengoed,
Mid Glam.

VIDEO DISMAY

I am writing to express my disappointment concerning the video *The Doctors: 30 Years of Time Travel and Beyond*. **DWM** promoted the tape in issue 229, stating it featured interviews with "all the surviving Doctors". Other highlights were supposed to be Caroline John and Nicholas Courtney discussing UNIT, Ian Hogg touring the BBC Visual Effects Workshop and Sylvester McCoy at the locations for *Remembrance of the Daleks*. Well, there was no sign of Tom Baker and the latter three highlights didn't appear, with poor Ian Hogg disappearing altogether.

DWM 230 featured a special offer of an extended version of the video with twenty minutes of extra material. This seemed to be thirteen minutes of home movie footage tacked on the end that had already been seen throughout the tape – hardly constituting "unique additional material".

All the features and news printed in DWM led me to believe this was to be something special. Instead, I feel I've bought the tape under false pretences with many of the features that convinced me to buy the tape through the **DWM** offer failing to materialise.

Aaron Gregson
Redditch,
Worcs.

Aaron, we're sorry you were so disappointed with The Doctors. *Due to the nature of publishing schedules, we were forced to print*

THE HIT PARADE

A **DWM** contributor dives into the seething torrent of fan opinion and emerges refreshed, cradling his ten favourite *Doctor Who* stories with all the love of a newly-blessed parent. Or something.

Dominic May
Outside the Spaceship compiler

1. *The Evil of the Daleks*

"Being nine in 1967 was fun. A marvellously realised epic story of infinite variety, with Daleks that have never been bettered on TV. And what's more, the BBC let me see it again the next year. If the missing episodes ever turn up, I hope they won't jade my memories."

2. *The Masque of Mandragora*

"It may not all make sense, but the script, acting, direction, costumes and locations all conspired to make this particularly stylish and entertaining. I like to think that if the science fiction elements had been removed it could have won a BAFTA award for Best Costume Drama. It still works for me today."

3. *The Web of Fear*

"It may have been the London Underground setting that made this so spooky and exciting for me back in those days – I ended up working there for a while. Even before the telesnaps arrived, I could still vividly recall the climactic scenes with the Doctor tricking the Intelligence."

4. *Fury From the Deep*

"I'm probably getting very predictable, but this was yet another story where the claustrophobic elements paid off for me. I was very sad to say goodbye to Victoria. My overriding memory is of wanting my parents to recreate the seaweed foam at home so I could play in it – perhaps that's why I like soap operas!"

5. *Spearhead From Space*

"I remember this one more from the repeat than its first showing. I sat transfixed as the shop window dummies paraded around Ealing, killing people. I defy anyone to say being scared can't be fun."

6. *The Deadly Assassin*

"This was *Doctor Who* at its most adult. I was so rivetted that I immediately wrote to congratulate Tom Baker on this and *The Author of Beltraffio*, enclosing a £5 cheque for the *Scratchman* film. Please can I have my fiver back, Tom?"

7. *The Faceless Ones*

"Another one from the golden age, which happened to leave me with good vibes at the time – the concept that the Chameleons were sad and pathetic rather than outright villains had appeal. Sadly, the two existing episodes fail to recapture the original magic."

8. *The Mind of Evil*

"I found the Keller Machine extremely disconcerting – I never knew where it would turn up next, and I was still impressionable enough to find the blob convincing. Both Don Houghton stories are hugely enjoyable."

9. *Frontios*

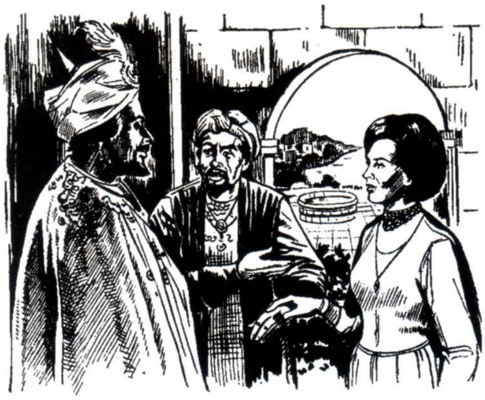
"Christopher Bidmead was the only writer to really know the character of the Fifth Doctor, and this underrated story is the one which demonstrates this best. Peter Davison also excelled in the acting stakes, so perhaps he thought so too."

10. *City of Death*

"A truly feelgood story enhanced by my love of Paris. I can always suspend my disbelief watching this, despite its slapstick elements. Can you imagine having your first VCR and playing this story incessantly back in 1979? No? Well, I did!"

Off TARGET

by Quiquaequod



Among the many wonders Barbara saw at Saladin's court was a man whose right arm grew from his stomach

the ad for the special edition and run the accompanying article before the final edit of the video had taken place. All of the mentioned segments (Sylvester McCoy at the Remembrance *location, Ian Hogg at the BBC, etc) were indeed filmed, but it was decided by the producer at a later date to hold some material back for a potential follow-up release. MasterVision approached us with the idea of a special version of the video for* **DWM** *readers, but it remained the usual situation of an outside advertiser making an offer in our magazine. We didn't have any say in what went into the finished product. Please also bear in mind that* DWM *only reported on the documentary prior to its release, using information provided by its manufacturer, we never "promoted" it anymore than we could be said to have promoted, say,* The Five Doctors Special Edition *or* Downtime.

BE A LADY-LIKE

In reference to the *Fluid Links* in **DWM** 231, I, like Matthew Jones, feel that there is no tangible reason why the Doctor couldn't be played by a woman. The Doctor does not engage in sex in any form, his relationship with his companions has been more like a parent/child relationship than a relationship between lovers. I also feel that the Doctor being a woman would add an extra dimension to the character and add a new vitality to the programme.

The reason why *Doctor Who* remained on television for twenty-six years and remains popular even now is because of its ability to change and adapt to new situations. Such a change now, I feel, would add to rather than detract from the quality of the programme on the grounds that *Doctor Who* would be seen to be taking risks rather than playing it safe. The producers of *Star Trek* were seen to be taking that risk when appointing Kate Mulgrew to play the Captain in *Star Trek: Voyager* and that has been reasonably successful. I can't see why such a risk on *Doctor Who* should have a different result.

As for who I feel should play the Doctor – although I feel that an American (somebody like Jane Curtin – Allie of *Kate and Allie*) *could* play the role, a British actress should be given first refusal. For that reason I suggest Linda Bellingham, Belinda Lang or Joanna Lumley.

Obviously people are going to disagree with me, but I feel that a change of both formula and gender is necessary so that the show can break what was, in the last four years in particular, becoming a stereotypical mould.

Neil Blanks
Southsea,
Hampshire.

Dave Owen's reviews really could
Be improved if the gentlemen would
Make it easier to spot
If he liked them or not –
A percentage to end would be good.

Christopher Banks
Builth Wells,
Powys.

This is the first time I have written to you and would like to congratulate you for one of the most interesting, intelligent and well-informed science fiction magazines on the market.

I am also a relatively frequent reader of Virgin's *New* and *Missing Adventure* novels. I cannot praise these highly enough as an ideal fusion of *Doctor Who* and the traditions of literary science fiction. However, I have one small and relatively insignificant complaint for the editors of these books: CHITINOUS! If I see this word one more time, I shall bomb the office of Richard Branson himself! I am not normally one to moan and this is an unprecedented outburst, but I believe it will be seen to be justified.

Otherwise, keep up the good work.

David Palmer
Plymouth,
Devon

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Fluid Links

The Mastercraftsman

"If anyone decides that *Doctor Who* is an art form its death knell will be sounded. It is good, clean, escapist hokum which is no small thing to be. When it is done well, it is the best thing of its kind around."

It would be easy to dismiss the above comments as the ramblings of someone who doesn't know how to appreciate the finer things of life, if it were not that they are actually the words of Robert Holmes, arguably the greatest *Doctor Who* writer ever. When I came across this comment in the 1994 **DWM Winter Special** devoted to the work of the great man, I must admit to feeling a little unsettled. Did the man responsible for such stunning stories as *The Talons of Weng Chiang* and *The Caves of Androzani* really think of *Doctor Who* as nothing more than hokum? According to the dictionary, hokum is defined as "obvious or hackneyed material of a sentimental nature" and more brutally as "claptrap". Was this *really* all that the programme meant to Holmes?

I rather suspect that this is exactly what *Doctor Who* was for Robert Holmes, and perhaps more importantly, I think that this may help us understand just why his stories are among the very finest *Doctor Who* ever produced.

Robert Holmes understood that *Doctor Who* is first and foremost formula television.

Robert Holmes understood that *Doctor Who* is first and foremost formula television. Almost every single story is made up of the same basic ingredients – the Doctor, the adversary, the adversary's fiendish plan, etc – the skill in writing *Doctor Who* comes from exactly how the ingredients in the formula are mixed, and when it comes to cooking up a *Doctor Who* story, Robert Holmes was a master chef. Holmes was absolutely right to so boldly state that *Doctor Who* is not art. Writing for the series is more of a craft than an art-form, and Robert Holmes was a mastercraftsman – not an artist or genius. It strikes me that the difference between an artist and a craftsperson is that an artist is free to create whatever they want to, whereas a craftsperson has to work within certain constraints. For example, if an artist makes a sculpture it can be any shape, but if a craftsperson makes a chair, however beautiful, it has to conform to a certain shape in order for people to be able to sit on it. The end product is constrained by its function, not just its aesthetic. *Doctor Who* writers are constrained by the formula of the programme. Holmes' skill was in his ability to make that formula work to his advantage.

Despite the presence of superficial social commentary in his work, most of Holmes' stories are fairly straightforward good-versus-evil tales. The bad guys for the most part either want to rule the universe or destroy it; on the rare occasions that Holmes makes some comment upon contemporary society, as he does in *The Sunmakers*, he tends to poke fun at our society rather than making us address serious questions on life. This is escapist hokum, remember, not art or philosophy. Watching his finest stories, such as *Pyramids of Mars* and *The Deadly Assassin*, Holmes appears to be enjoying himself far too much to bother bringing some social ill or other to our attention. Holmes actually had very little serious to say.

This is not to say that Holmes did not take the writing of this "hokum" seriously; in all his stories he works hard to make our flight into fantasy as effortless as possible. Phillip MacDonald perceptively points out in his article in the **Winter Special** that Holmes "concentrates on exploiting the absolute realism of the situation . . . whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth." There is a strong "internal reality", an absolute logic to each of Holmes' stories. The Doctor's journey from his initial stumbling into the situation to the final defeat of the enemy unfolds in front of us with such clarity that we know the precise nature of the terrible threat from very early on.

Nowhere is this more clear than in Holmes' finest script (written under the pseudonym Stephen Harris), *Pyramids of Mars*. We are only moments into Part Two and yet the threat posed by Sutekh's plan to free himself from the Eye of Horus is well known to us. The pleasure comes not from dramatic revelations unveiled at the climax, but through watching the Doctor solve each of the problems as he encounters them. Initially the Doctor intends to stop Sutekh by jamming his control of Marcus Scarman and the robot mummies. When Laurence Scarman's misguided intervention scuppers this plan, the Doctor is forced to think up a new idea, this time to blow up the rocket with gelignite. He is again thwarted, this time by Sutekh who is able to freeze the explosion with a supreme act of will. The Doctor must journey to Egypt to distract Sutekh long enough for the bomb to explode, probably at the cost of his own life . . .

However many twists and turns of the plot occur, the integrity of the story's internal logic is always absolutely unshakable. Holmes seductively draws us into each of his stories, because we cannot bear not to know what is going to happen next – we cannot help but repeatedly ask ourselves, "how is the Doctor going to win out this time?" As the thunderous chords of the theme tune crash into the cliffhanger, we are left disorientated and hungry, like addicts whose supply has been suddenly snatched from us.

This is Holmes' magic. He is quite right to declare that *Doctor Who* is not art – to suggest that it is is not only fantastically pretentious but fundamentally misunderstands what makes the series so utterly brilliant. Under the pen of Robert Holmes it is the most finely-crafted "hackneyed material of a sentimental nature" you can find. *Doctor Who is* hokum.

And that, as the great man said himself, is no small thing to be.

Matthew Jones

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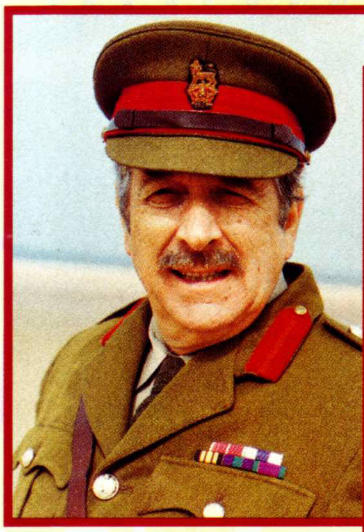
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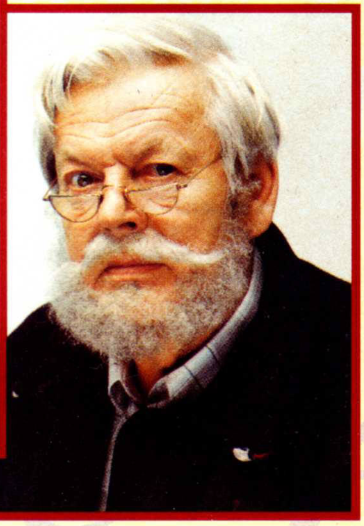
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Cut to the Chase

In the second part of this candid interview, early *Doctor Who* director **Richard Martin** discusses his work with Daleks, Mechonoids, Zarbi and Menoptra with Peter Griffiths.

“We had the best vision mixer at the BBC on *Doctor Who* – Clive Doig, who later became a producer. Clive was a highly imaginative man and a brilliant vision mixer. The success of many of those early episodes was entirely due to him, and once I'd found him I always asked for him. I'd have a page of cuts, something like five times the norm because you were trying to make a high-impact drama. I would never be quick enough calling them, so Clive would say, ‘Oh shut up, Richard, I'll follow the page, you talk to the cameras.’ He'd be watching the screens, and he'd tap, tap, tap and get a highly complex sequence together. If Billy Hartnell had said the wrong thing, it would give me time to say, ‘Right, camera three, Billy's jumped a line. Swing round onto Carole and hold on her.’

“My studios were always chaotic. The technical manager would be phoning up the head of his department in his bath at Bayswater: ‘Studio three here. We've got a little problem – we haven't quite finished. Can we have another five minutes please?’ I was always pushing that last little bit because I would not simplify. I was told to at times but I refused; I don't believe you can. The only solution would have been to take all the cameras back and frame simple shots, but I don't think I could do that emotionally. Ealing pre-filming was very different. Whenever I was on single camera I was a happy man.”

I wondered if Richard would have liked to direct an historical story. “When I went to the BBC I wanted to do contemporary things. Probably one of the best productions I did years later was *Elizabeth R*. I certainly don't feel Shakespeare translates very well onto the box, and no, I don't think I'd have wanted to do an historical thing. It's difficult to say, I wasn't offered one. I did have the feeling that they were slightly better scripted.

“I don't know what sort of ratings they got, but I imagine people were not as interested in them. People didn't want to relive history, they wanted to go out into space. The Marco Polo one was done by Waris Hussein, a good director. He fought like buggery to get off it. I can remember him saying to Sydney Newman, who was everyone's ultimate boss, ‘Oh Syd, I'm not a science fiction person, it doesn't frightfully amuse me. Why not use me for something I'm really good at, *Passage to India* or something.’ Syd would say, ‘We may do *Passage to India*, but you're going to do this!’ Waris got out as soon as he could, he loathed *Doctor Who*.”

Top: Two of the Shawcraft manufacturers put the finishing touches to a Zarbi.

Above: Barbara (Jacqueline Hill) looks on as the finished creature launches an attack on a Menoptra in *The Web Planet*. Photo © BBC Video

> **“*The Web Planet* was written by an absolutely sweet guy who couldn't write, in my opinion.”**

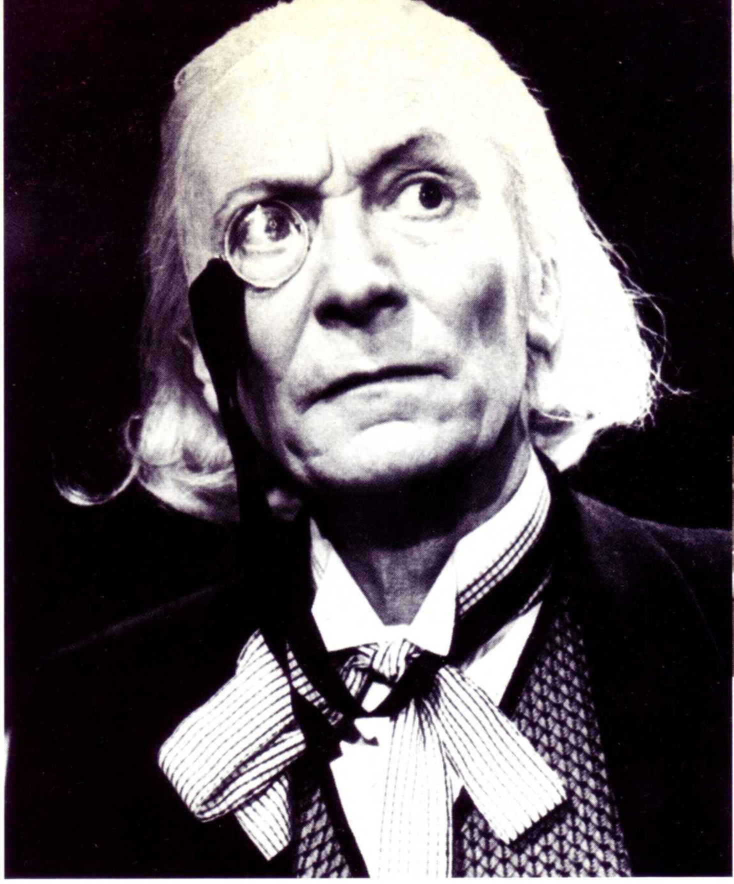
The Web Planet was Richard's next assignment, and one of the more memorable stories of the Sixties. “The script was appalling, but the ideas were the nearest to what I felt the series ought to be, pure fantasy. It had marvellous potential, and the most pictorially-interesting concept. I had a good designer, but it was a real problem in the little studios we were given to make something that was magic enough. I wouldn't have thought those episodes stand up to the test of time.”

People who worked on the story have commented on the unusually competitive atmosphere, each department refusing to give and take. “I think because it was an exciting visual concept and it needed much more money than it had, nobody would give a penny. Certainly we got no money back from design, because we built that fairly big set just for the flying episode. Only a small bit made it onto the finished tape, but there were some fine shots which we did in the studio at Ealing with Kirby's Flying Ballet.

“My attitude was so arrogant. I would say that if we needed to do something, we should do it. Then Verity would come along and say I'd overspent, but it had to be. They'd try to claw back the money at some future date. I'm not a safe director. If I was a producer and I was looking for a ‘get it done’ director, I wouldn't use me. I think that's probably the rudest thing I can think to say about a director: if he's an under-budget on-time man, he has probably sold himself and any possible vision he may have thoroughly short.

“I shouldn't think I managed to stay within budget ever, and I don't think I gave a damn. One had the feeling at the Beeb that if something was good, you were forgiven. But if it was bad, if it was wasted money then they kindly asked you to go somewhere else. But you were sort-of encouraged by certain people to really go for it, because they knew that was how really fine work was achieved. I wasn't alone. There was a wonderful producer, largely retired now, at Granada called Derek Grainger, who worked so fast that by the time they said, ‘How much have you spent?’ he'd say, ‘Too late, I've done it.’ That's how he tricked Granada into doing some of its greatest things.”

Back to the programme. “Martin Jarvis, now very well-known, was the head of the Menoptra. Because they were so astonishing, I wanted to get this insect movement, so I hired a choreographer, a beautiful woman called Roslyn de Winter, to help get an exciting visual feel. Were I doing Tolkien and asking someone to create Gollum, I would



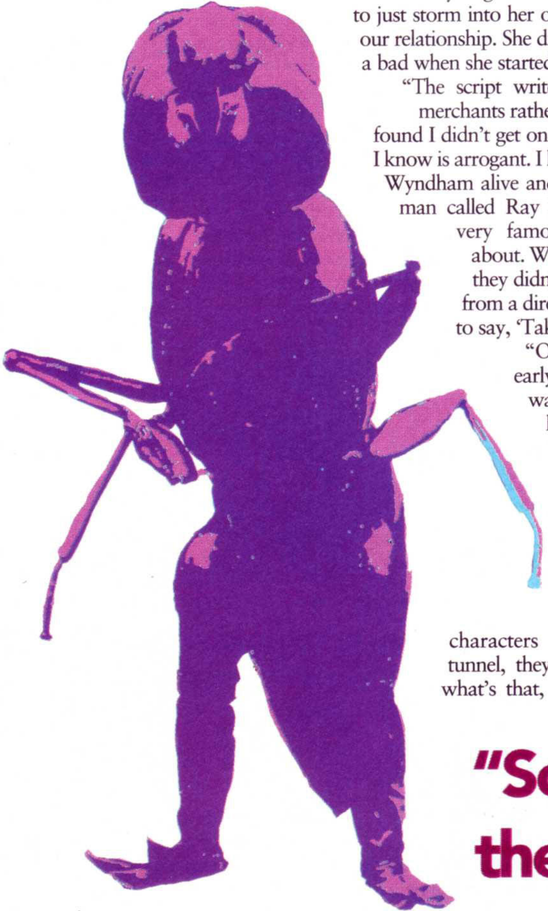
Above: William Hartnell as the Doctor in *The Web Planet*. Photo © BBC Video

Above, right: William Hartnell and John Maxim (Frankenstein's Monster) on set for *The Chase*.

spend a lot of time with a movement person to find a Gollum-like movement and find how that mutated as Gollum became less human and more and more possessed by evil. You would base that performance in dance.

"*The Web Planet* was written by an absolutely sweet guy who couldn't write, in my opinion. He couldn't properly tell the story. I thought the dialogue was atrocious; I was altering it by the ream. If you turned my rehearsal script up, you would find most of the dialogue rewritten. Verity used to get very annoyed with me. She'd say, 'If you're going to change something, let me know!'"

I took this opportunity to read Richard a rather terse memo from Verity to him about excesses of line-changing. He was heartily amused.



"Where did you get that? I never sent memos, I used to just storm into her office. That is very typical of our relationship. She didn't know a good line from a bad when she started!

"The script writers were budget limitation merchants rather than creative people, and I found I didn't get on with them very well, which I know is arrogant. I kept saying, 'We've got John Wyndham alive and well. In America there's a man called Ray Bradbury. There are some very famous science fiction writers about. Why can't we go to them?' But they didn't actually want to hear that from a director, they wanted a director to say, 'Take a two-shot.'

"One of the problems with the early writing on *Doctor Who* was that they never quite knew how to deploy. It was a divide-and-conquer, come-together-and-win situation, and the writers didn't have enough scope to be able to send people on big enough journeys in a separate mode. If you've got four characters going together down a tunnel, they can only say "Look out, what's that, ooh ahh", whereas if you separate them in the storytelling, then they've got different strands which will join up and come together.

"Once I'd started it, just before rehearsal I think, I said, 'The characters together here are no good, they're just saying the same speeches after each other.' We had to divide these people, find a new strand of insect life, and as we didn't have a set, it had to be in some dark tunnel. Somebody had to fall down – Ian and Barbara because they were the young ones – and meet these grub people. It was based on the corporate identity of the bee kingdom – they work as a unit. That would have been enormous fun to develop as a piece of science fantasy, and there I was doing it in a drill hall on the wrong side of Acton with two days to go. I felt very frustrated – it could have been wonderful and it was mediocre.

"I was very green as a director, and I was still getting my act together as a storyteller. The moment I read that script, I should have done what I do now and tear it to pieces instantly. These days I would say, 'That should be a woman, that should be set in the Kremlin, that doesn't work there, introduce the love story right at the top.' You order it. Back then I used to just take the script and work out its logistical problems.

"We were never given much time. Good work only really happens when the writer and the director get into bed with each other early on so they can enrich each other's imagery and conceptions. The BBC liked to say *this* is the script, *you* are the director – do it. There was a thing called a script editor, who was usually an oaf, or a failed writer which is sadder. He would say, 'I've approved the script, taken out the rude words and of course you can't have Paddington Station so I've set it in the corner of the lavatory.' Script editors hate me, and I hate them. I think they're a sad breed. We would have a script conference, and I'd say, 'That's not a very good line,' and someone would say, 'Well, it's your job as a director to make the actor work with it, because we like that line and I've given script approval.'

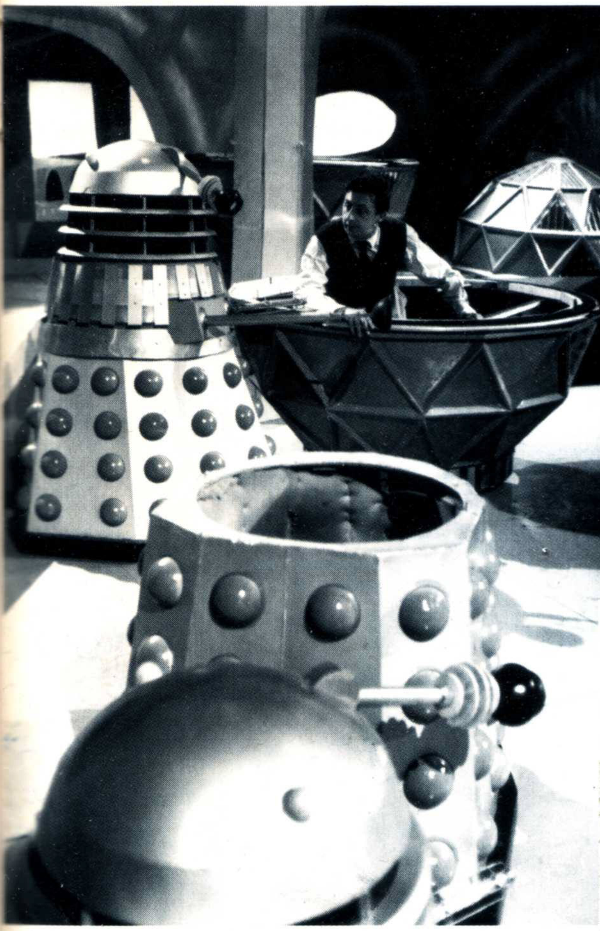
"David Whitaker was very long-suffering. Right at the beginning of my time on the series I realised we were not talking the same language at all. He said, 'Argument can be interesting.' I said, 'Yes, it can, but this is science fiction. It must be action-based and any philosophical discussion should only come out of the characters' imprisonment.' Chuck 'em in chains and that's fine, but to have them sit down on the edge of an alien planet and chat about philosophy is obviously anti-drama. I was mainly red-pencilling, but I would also create new strands of movement to try and get some energy and excitement into it. That ought to have been done in the development stage.

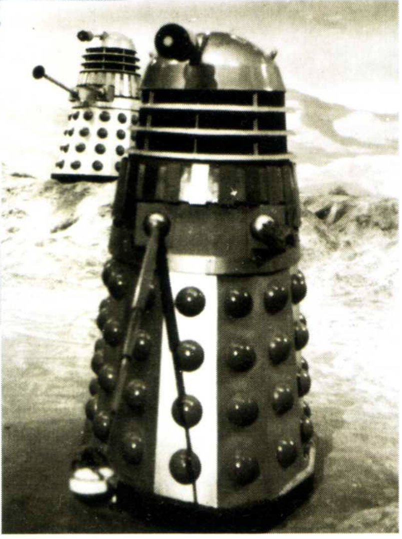
"Dennis Spooner was a friend. He was much more 'with it', and a more capable writer. We got on much better. He used to come to my house to work, and I think by then I was learning perhaps to share the vision with people. If he said something I listened, because he always had a good theatrical reason for saying it.

We moved on to *The Chase*, the final story directed by Richard. "'We've come back big!' said Terry Nation. He wasn't worried at all that I changed his script all over the place. *The Chase* again had the potential of being something highly imaginative and creative, but it was tied down to low budgets and old-fashioned ways of working. The

"Script editors hate me, and I hate them. I think they're a sad breed."

"*Doctor Who* is not something I have any affection for."





Left:
Dalek operators prepare to film a scene in the Mechonoid city in *The Chase.*

Left, inset:
The Daleks patrol the surface of Aridius in the same story.
Photo © BBC Video

script grabbed half a dozen areas where the Daleks would be a nuisance and stuffed them in. I think Terry would do very well writing comic strips. Instead he writes films."

Having overseen Carole Ann Ford's departure in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, Richard now did the same with William Russell and Jacqueline Hill. He also had a hand in casting new companion Steven Taylor. "Peter Purves I got in to do a wild part playing an American. He was so good and so funny and had so much energy that when we had to find a replacement for William and Jackie in a hurry, I told Verity that he was one of the best actors I had seen recently. I thought he was out of the running because he had already appeared, but Verity said the American was a character part, and we should go for him. To my mind he was wasted as a presenter, although he has made a very successful career for himself and is a lovely man. I would liked to have seen him stretched further as a serious actor."

I commented on the comic tone of *The Chase*, citing the grunting Dalek which rises from the sand on Aridius. "Peter Hawkins is a lovely man and a natural joker, so I strongly suspect he and I were having a joke at the time. I think we got bored of the bloody things. There was the feeling that having invaded Earth, there was nothing else that could be done with them. I wanted to keep the little model Dalek, which was only tiny and did all the articulation, but Bill from Shawcraft said 'Not on your Nellie!' I'm sure I tried to bury a real one, probably with Robert Jewell – that irate little Australian – inside it. That would have sealed my relationship with him!"

The Beatles were scheduled for an appearance in the first episode, made up as old men. "I remember that we had to get permission from Brian Epstein, their manager, but he said it wouldn't be good for their image. We had to cut it. He was a quiet man with a very tough-looking minder and a huge car. The Beatles made very cruel fun of him when they became famous."

Douglas Camfield was responsible for the still photos of Ian and Barbara back in London shown at the conclusion of *The Chase*. Where was Richard Martin? "Maybe Verity had had enough of me, or I was off doing something else. I'd done *The Web Planet* by that time, so I was big trouble. Forget me, go back to a director who was nice and easy and reasonable. Nobody invited me back, but I would have said no anyway. I was glad to leave and get onto something else. I really wanted to do single plays. You don't want other people's casting and the necessity of keeping another story going.

"*Doctor Who* is not something I have any affection for. I felt disappointed in it. I was still learning an awful lot, and learning by my mistakes. I'm sure I made a lot of them, including rubbing Verity up the wrong way, because Verity became a very important person. We only worked together once afterwards. She was brought in as a Head of Department at Thames, where she promptly sacked me for overshooting. I was a very arrogant young director and I'm sure she had a hell of a job keeping me under control. But we met recently and had a good laugh.

"Actually, I remember one time while we were working on the show, Verity decided to have a non-Christian Christmas, and she invited my wife Sue and I. We were all going to lie out on sunbeds with friends. Unfortunately I'm a tinsel and holly Christmas man, so I didn't go on that occasion. I imagine they all got very brown and very merry!"

I asked Richard for his thoughts on the wholesale junkings carried out by the BBC in the Seventies. "It is really shocking, isn't it? For a long time I was told my episodes had gone. There was so much material in the archives, and there was a little man whose sole job was to walk up and down the rows turning the cases in some vast cellar somewhere. They had so many thousands of miles of film you couldn't ever get back to it – it wasn't catalogued or accessible. I think the same thing happened with tape. It was a great shame. A lot of stuff went, material I'm much more pleased with. There was no sense of its destiny."

As my time with Richard came to an end, he summed up his feelings on a television programme he worked on thirty years ago, at the beginning of his career. "It was a very courageous move at the time, an attempt to do something modern which had a broad appeal. It could have been wonderful with a whole-hearted commitment and a producer who understood right from its inception the potential of science fiction/fantasy. I wasn't happy with what we were doing. It was fun, but it was trivia.

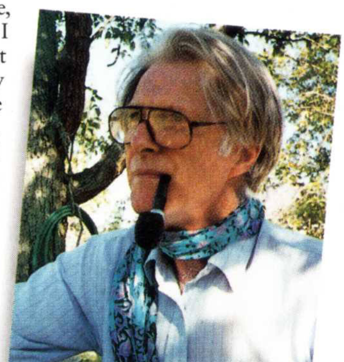
"Some years ago I was walking in the local wood here, which they use a lot for filming, and I came across a crew making *The Tripods*. Now they were impressive, especially in the middle of a pine forest. I must say I had a little twinge of envy . . ." I pointed out that some episodes of that series were directed by Christopher Barry. "Really? Well, he would have done it very well, he was a very competent director.

"*Doctor Who* certainly found its writers and directors later on. There was one much later about a Thatcherite planet with a fiscal mogul on the throne, some kind of poison dwarf which had to have a calculator in his hand. It was clever, a very satirical piece of work, and it was certainly one of the best things I've seen.

"A woman interviewed me once, and when I told her I'd thrown all the scripts and documentation away, she was furious. She said, 'Didn't you realise that you were doing something of sociological importance?' I said, 'No. We were just doing a fairly crappy children's series which actually had a bit of popularity. I'm amazed it has remained popular and formed a cult as I didn't think it was good enough.' There was a lack of any real thought behind *Doctor Who* – it was simply an idea of Syd's."

◆

Below:
Richard Martin today.
Photo © Peter Griffiths



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The Telesnap Archive

compiled by Matthew Pereira

During the Seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost forever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

The Highlanders

Episode One

by Elwyn Jones and Gerry Davis

Directed by Hugh David

Transmitted 17th December 1966

The sounds of battle in the distance echo across the hills as four Celts head up a hillside. The elderly man appears injured and is supported by two young men. The girl struggles to lend a hand.

The bodies of the dead lay strewn across the fields. The roar of the guns grows fainter in the distance.

Reaching the brow of the hill, they are confronted by a lone Redcoat. The young Scotsman unsheathes his claymore . . .

. . . and savagely cuts down the soldier.

The Redcoat falls to the battlefield, dead.

Returning to the aid of the old man. . .

THE
HIGHLANDERS

. . . the small group continue down the hill . . .

BY
ELWYN JONES
AND
GERRY DAVIS

. . . towards a small cottage.

Nearby in a small clearing, the noise of the birds is drowned by the sound of a blue police box materialising. The door opens and the three time-travellers wander out.

Noticing the dismal weather and local fauna, Ben believes they have returned to Earth. "You never give up," Polly remarks and decides to ask the Doctor. "Listen," he replies, and they hear a distant rumbling.

"Sounds like the cup final," jokes Ben. "Look out!" cries Polly as something hurtles through the air towards them. "It looks like an old-time cannon ball," says Ben, looking at the buried object.

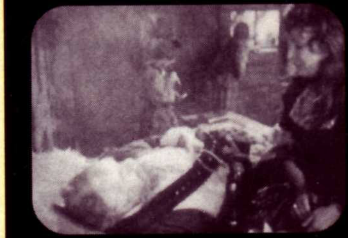
The Doctor cautiously prods the ball. "Yes, a ten-pounder," he mutters. "That does it," he remarks, and starts back towards the TARDIS. Ben, determined to have a look around, wanders off up the hill. Polly persuades the 'frightened' Doctor to stay, and they hurry to catch up with Ben.

In a nearby cottage, the young girl nurses the injured old man. "He badly needs a doctor," she tells her companions. "Water, water," the old man feebly calls. The youth hands him the remains of their supply.

Quenching his thirst, he asks for news of the battle. "It's done," the young Scotsman replies angrily. "The clans are broken, shot to pieces by the English guns."

"Never had the chance to get to within claymore's length with them," he adds bitterly. "The slaughter," the old man says with despair.

The young Scot plays a few notes on his chanter. "Do you want to bring the Redcoats upon us?" his friend snaps. The old man asks why they didn't leave him to die. "You're the Laird," the young man replies. "The Laird of what?" he sighs.



"All the men of our Clan are lying in the mud of Culloden Moor," he laments. Through the window he sees three people approaching. "Jamie, out the rear!" he orders, and they quickly leave through the back door.

The time-travellers come across an abandoned gun. "This must be where that cannon ball came from," Ben remarks. "That's unlikely," observes the Doctor. "It's been spiked." He shows his companions that the barrel has been bunged up.

"I always like a hat like this," says the Doctor, picking up a tam-o'-shanter from the ground. Swapping it for his stove-pipe, he does a little jig. "How do I look?" he asks. Noticing the writing on the crest, Polly takes the hat from the Doctor.

"With Charles, our brave and merciful Prince Royal, we'll greatly fall or nobly save our country," she reads. "Bah!" exclaims the Doctor, casting the hat to the ground, "Romantic piffle." Suddenly a blade is placed under his chin.

"You'll pick it up," threatens the Scotsman. The Doctor carefully bends down and retrieves the hat. "This way with you," the Scot barks and herds them down the hill towards the cottage.

The Scotsman, Alexander, tells the Laird that the strangers threw down the Prince's cockade. "Prince Charles Edward," the Doctor explains to his friends. Believing them to be English, Alexander prepares to execute them. "Do you wish to pray before you die?" the Laird asks.

"You can't kill us in cold blood," argues Ben. "Our blood is warm enough. Your English troopers gave no quarter to men, women and bairns," says Jamie. "Doctor, tell them who we are," cries Polly. Assuming he's a physician, Kirsty pleads for a stay of execution.

"Kill them after," she begs. "Let them help the Laird." As the Doctor moves to examine the injured man, Ben sees an unguarded pistol. Swiftly picking it up, he forces the two Scotsmen to surrender their weapons.

"Now I'm going to have a look at the wound," the Doctor explains to the Laird. "I'm going to need some clean water to bathe the wound," he states and, aided by Kirsty, eases the Laird to the ground.

"I'll not leave him," Kirsty tells them. "We're not going to harm him," the Doctor assures her and asks Polly to go with her. "Take the Laird's spyglass with you," says Alexander, and warns her to watch out for Redcoats.

The Doctor asks the two Scots for their word not to attack them. "We're only trying to stop your Laird from bleeding to death," he adds. Grudgingly they accept this. "You have our word," says Jamie.

"You're gonna trust these blokes?" says Ben when the Doctor asks him to put away the pistol. "A Highlander's word is his bond," he explains. But as Ben is about to put the gun down it accidentally goes off.

"Ya fool!" Alexander yells. "You'll have every English soldier within miles," adds Jamie. Looking out of the window, he reports that six Redcoats are approaching the cottage. "They'll slaughter us," Jamie says.

The sergeant reports a rebel has been sighted in the cottage and the officer expresses regret that they've found few pickings so far. "Take a man around the rear," he orders the sergeant and tells the rest of the men to shoot first and take no risks.

Alexander tells the others he will try and draw the troops away. "Creag an tuire!" he bellows, running from the cottage. The advancing soldiers reply with a volley of muskets. Alexander is hit several times and falls to the ground, dead.

The soldiers storm the cottage and label Ben as a deserter. Suddenly to everyone's surprise, the Doctor effects a German accent. "I'm glad you hav come. I vas vaiting for an escort," he says. "Doctor von Wer at your service," he announces to the Lieutenant.

"Dr who?" asks the sergeant. "That's what I said," the Doctor quips and claims to be a German from Hanover. The Lieutenant ignores Ben's pleas that they should be treated as prisoners of war and orders them to be hanged immediately.

Overlooking the cottage, a thin-faced gentleman observes the events. "Perkins," he calls, and a small portly figure rushes to respond. "Not a very inspiring battle," the man remarks. "Don't really know, sir," Perkins replies humbly, "I've never seen one before."

"This one was over in a brief hour," the man continues. "Never have I seen such brave fellows so poorly led," he adds, wiping his hands. "And now a couple of crooks butchering the wounded."

Resting a while to take some wine, he speculates on the situation. "All these fine sturdy Highlanders," he observes, "used to hard work and little food. Think what a price they'd fetch in Jamaica or Barbados?" The sycophantic Perkins readily agrees.

The man explains that he didn't give up a profitable legal practice just for the honour of being the Commissioner of Prisons. "With Mr Trask and his ship in our service," he predicts, "We may expect to clear some measure of profit out of this rebellion."

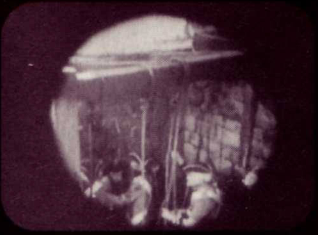
"Depending of course on how many of the wretched rebels we can deliver from His Majesty's over zealous soldiers," he adds, taking a sip. He quickly spits it out in disgust and chastises his manservant for serving corked wine.

"I think we'd best be about our business," he announces. "Otherwise there'll be nothing but corpses left on the battlefield." They head off towards the cottage.

On their way back, Kirsty sees the Redcoats milling around the cottage. She quickly pulls Polly behind a clump of bushes. "Look," the Scots girl sobs. "They're going to hang our men!"

She extends the spy-glass and passes it to Polly. She sees the soldiers throwing lengths of rope over a cross-beam.

Ben is dragged into view and a noose placed over his head. "We've got to do something!" Polly stresses and tells Kirsty to stop crying. "Come on," she adds firmly, "we're going to create a diversion."



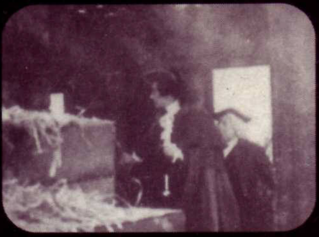
Polly throws a stone down the hill. It lands close to the soldiers. "What was that?" the lieutenant remarks. "Look, sir, over there, on that hill," says the sergeant. "It looks like a wench," the officer observes.

"Damme, there's another one," he says, as the two girls wave at them. The sergeant informs his superior that there have been reports that the Prince is trying to escape dressed as a woman. The lieutenant goes after the girls with two soldiers.

Polly and Kirsty prepare to lead the soldiers a merry dance.
The three Redcoats trek up the hill and into the woods.

The Doctor comments that the officer shows great devotion to duty. The sergeant scoffs and points out the officer is only interested in the £30,000 reward for capturing the Prince. He prepares to carry out the execution.

"Right, get 'em up," he orders, and the prisoners are lifted onto boxes. "Take the strain", he barks. As a drum roll sounds, the commissioner and his servant, Perkins, enter the cottage from the rear and swiftly make their way to the front door. "Halt!" the commissioner cries.



"Who the devil are you?" demands the sergeant. Perkins announces his master as "Solicitor Grey," and presents a document. "Commissioner for the disposal of rebel prisoners," he adds. "I don't care who you are," the sergeant blusters, "You've got no charge over my men."

"Can you not read?" Grey replies and reiterates that he has dominion over all prisoners. "Not these," counters the sergeant. Grey resorts to bribery, and the prisoners are lowered to the ground.

The sergeant orders his men to escort the prisoners to Inverness while he waits for the lieutenant to return. "What vill happen to us?" enquires the Doctor. Grey smiles. "First you go to Inverness and then, perhaps . . . a sea voyage?"

"This is the place," says Kirsty, leading Polly to a cave. "They'll not find us in here." She tells Polly that they use this place as a hideout after cattle raids.

"You mean you rob people?" Polly asks. "No," replies the Scots girl indignantly, "we only take from those who steal from us." Kirsty carefully lights a candle, illuminating their gloomy surroundings.

Kirsty searches for the secret cache of food but finds only a solitary biscuit. Polly states that they must formulate a plan if they are to help their friends. "Now where would they be taken?" she asks. "Inverness," the Scots girl sobs. "Gaol."

"Have you got any money?" asks Polly. "What do you need money for?" replies Kirsty. "Well, for food of course, that biscuit isn't going to last for long." She adds that they will need something to bribe the guards with.

Polly examines her own bracelet and remarks that it won't fetch a lot. Then she notices Kirsty's hand. "Hey, that ring," she exclaims. "It's gold!" The Scots girl promptly hides her hand. "It doesn't belong to me," she says defensively. "It's ma father's."

"Let me just look at it," Polly says, and Kirsty holds out her hand. Kirsty explains that her father entrusted the ring to her before the battle and is horrified at the suggestion of selling it. "He would kill me if I ever parted with it," she stresses.

"Come on, give it to me!" says Polly and tries to grab the ring. Kirsty pulls out a knife and threatens her. "You're just a stupid peasant," snaps Polly. "I'm off to help my friends." Striding out of the cave, she calls back to Kirsty. "You can stay here and guard your precious ring!"

"Mind your step, it'll be dark soon," the Scots girl calls after her. "Watch out for yourself," snaps Polly. "You'll get lost," Kirsty warns but Polly carries on into the twilight of the forest.

Polly begins to hear strange, unfamiliar noises in the night. Startled by the crack of a twig, she starts running.

Suddenly the ground below her feet gives way and she plunges into a pit.

Polly attempts to clamber up the steep side of the pit. A hand reaches down towards her. Polly screams as she realises the hand holds a dagger . . .

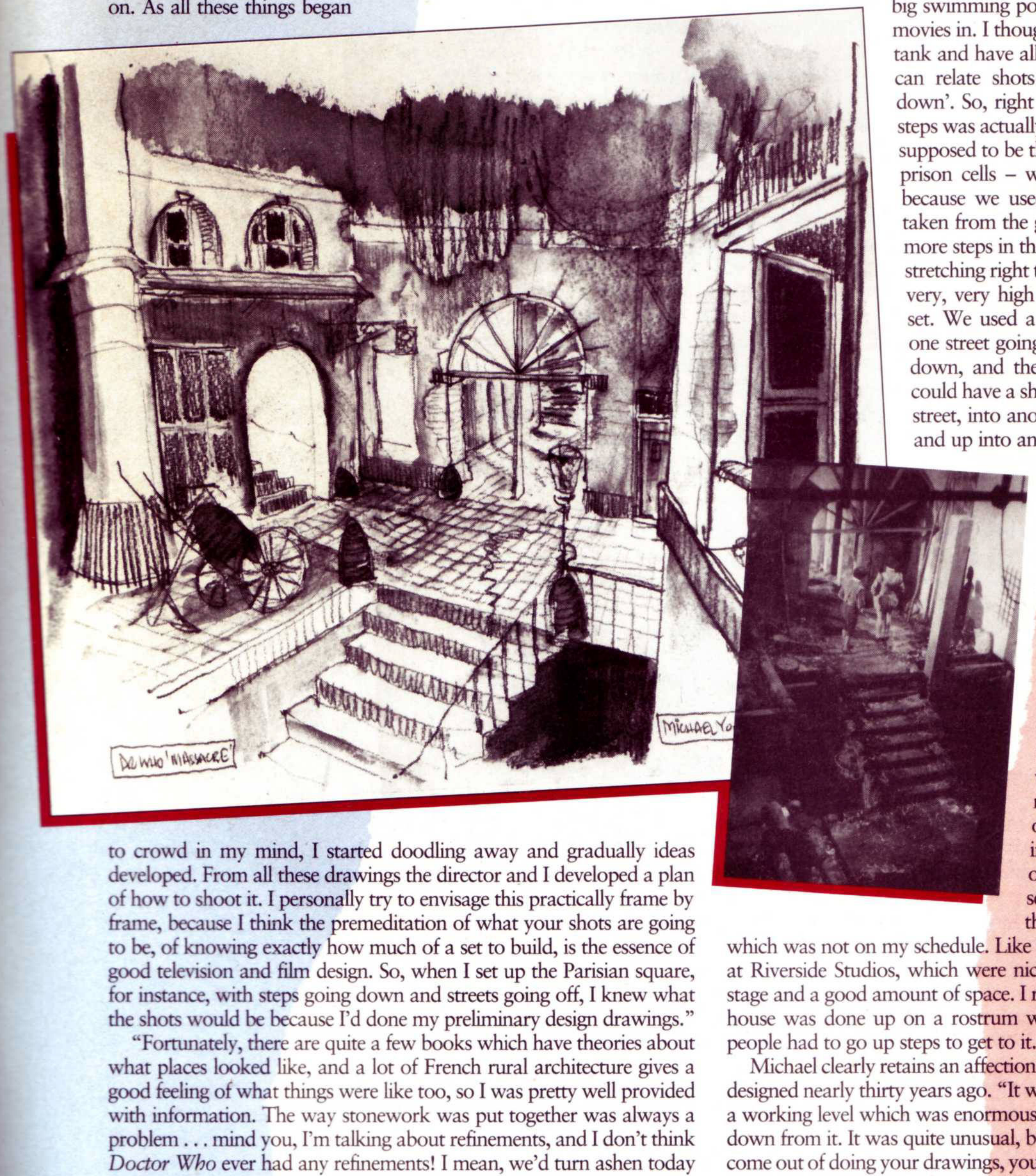
Continued next issue . . .

French Dressing

Production designer **Michael Young**'s only venture into the world of *Doctor Who* occurred when he was assigned to work on the historical adventure *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*. **Philip Newman** discovered that this marked a return to familiar territory.

“By 1965/66, I'd started to carve a sort of niche for myself doing historical things. I'd originally come from the theatre, and worked on several shows in London and America. Of course, when I later came to work for the BBC, nobody there dreamed that anybody who had worked in theatre design could possibly know how to design for television! But it was very good because you got such a nice mix of programmes to do, and were therefore applying yourself to different aspects of design all the time. I also tried to work outside the BBC as much as I could, and did various stage shows – again, mostly classic, historical plays – with quite a bit of success. So, in a way, I did sort of get typecast. However, I also did four other productions with the director of *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*, Paddy Russell, around that time – one of which, by Balzac, was also set in France – so maybe that's how I ended up doing *Doctor Who*!”

I was interested to know how Michael had approached the production and whether the story's very specific location and date – Paris, August 1572 – had presented any problems regarding period research. “Well, as with any type of show, once I'd got the script, I tried to develop an attitude towards the story and work out some kind of concept of what it could look like – dirty, oppressive, very wet and so on. As all these things began to crowd in my mind, I started doodling away and gradually ideas developed. From all these drawings the director and I developed a plan of how to shoot it. I personally try to envisage this practically frame by frame, because I think the premeditation of what your shots are going to be, of knowing exactly how much of a set to build, is the essence of good television and film design. So, when I set up the Parisian square, for instance, with steps going down and streets going off, I knew what the shots would be because I'd done my preliminary design drawings.”



“Fortunately, there are quite a few books which have theories about what places looked like, and a lot of French rural architecture gives a good feeling of what things were like too, so I was pretty well provided with information. The way stonework was put together was always a problem . . . mind you, I'm talking about refinements, and I don't think *Doctor Who* ever had any refinements! I mean, we'd turn ashen today thinking about the production values that we used to get away with! It was really just bits I'd recycled from other shows that I desperately tried to put together as quickly as possible. I shouldn't think I spent more than three weeks on my *Doctor Who* as it was, from conception through to the actual production, and I was probably doing something else at the same time as well!”

“All the exterior Paris sequences were done at Ealing Film Studios on stages 3A and 3B. These were normally split into two by a big door, but because it was such a big set we straddled them and used both together. I remember there was a lot of chasing about, with all sorts of arrivals and departures upstairs and downstairs, so I was able to make lots of nooks and crannies. The area where all the steps are going downwards *(see illustration and photograph)* was built over the big swimming pool tank that they made many big movies in. I thought, ‘If we build a set down in the tank and have all the steps going down into it, we can relate shots looking up and shots looking down’. So, right down at the very bottom of the steps was actually the base of the tank. There were supposed to be these terrible places down below – prison cells – which were all actually very wet because we used the tanks! The photograph is taken from the gantry above; there were actually more steps in the foreground, and further scenery stretching right to the top, so we could get a really very, very high shot looking down through the set. We used a cross-axis with the streets, with one street going one way, leading to steps going down, and the other cutting across it, so you could have a shot of someone running down one street, into another, down into the tank section, and up into another part of a street and so on. I tried to make it as crazy as I could, to get as many permutations out of the same bits of scenery as possible.”

Michael recalls that elements of his story's only location sequence were also quite bizarre. “We filmed the police box on Wimbledon Common for the end of the story. I remember it well, because there was something very peculiar about it – I think where it was sited was wrong, or something wasn't quite right about it, and it kept falling over! It was quite hysterical! The interior of the TARDIS was a lot of trouble too. Because it was a series set, it was so bashed about that I had to practically rebuild it, which was not on my schedule. Like all the other interiors, it was built at Riverside Studios, which were nice studios to work in, with a big stage and a good amount of space. I remember that the set for Preslin's house was done up on a rostrum with paving stones on it, because people had to go up steps to get to it.”

Michael clearly retains an affection for the *Doctor Who* story that he designed nearly thirty years ago. “It was so nice to do, because you had a working level which was enormous and you could have things going down from it. It was quite unusual, but these are the sort of things that come out of doing your drawings, you see. It's your approach to it that's important, and I enjoyed it a great deal.”

◆

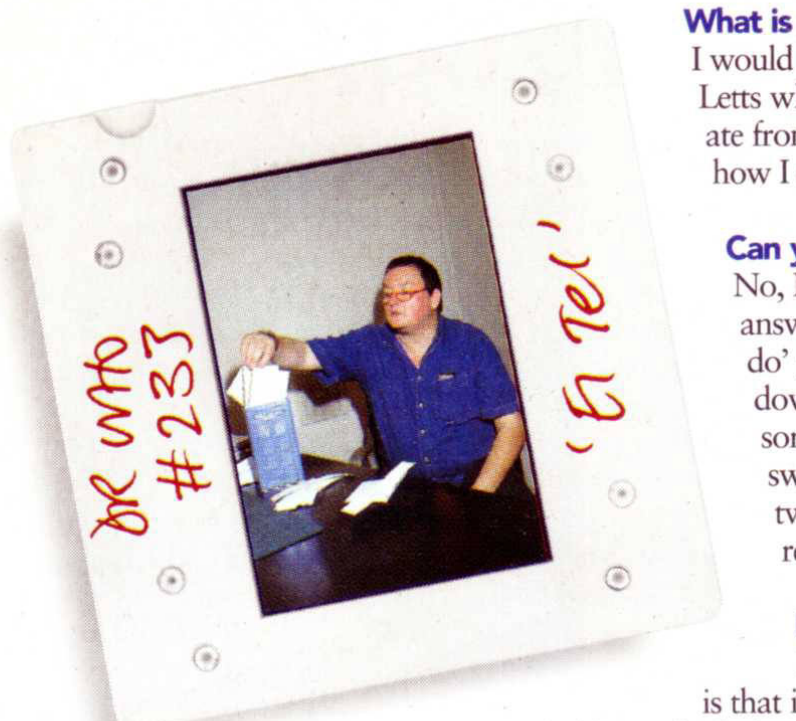
"We'd turn ashen today thinking about the production values!"

The TARDIS tin contains fifty soul-searching, bizarre and downright trivial questions. Each celebrity must answer twenty randomly selected queries . . .

Out of the TARDIS

Terrance Dicks

Terrance Dicks' association with *Doctor Who* and its attendant industries has been immense. As well as being script editor for the whole of the Pertwee era, Terrance wrote a number of stories, including the Twentieth Anniversary adventure *The Five Doctors* in 1983. Today, Terrance pursues a wide variety of writing interests but he is still able to find time to pen the occasional *New Adventures* novel, attend conventions and even extract twenty envelopes from our TARDIS tin . . .



What is your most treasured possession?

I would have to say, I think, my Amstrad PCW 9512. It was Barry Letts who eventually persuaded me, kicking and screaming, to graduate from the typewriter to the word processor. Now I can't imagine how I ever managed without it.

Can you remember your first fan letter?

No, I can't. I'm always pleased to have fan letters. Although I do answer them all, they tend to get pushed to the bottom of the 'to do' pile. When I'm rushing to finish a book, I'm not going to sit down to answer a letter. When I eventually surface, I look with a sort of guilty horror at the great pile of things in front of me. I swear that people have got answers to letters that they wrote two years ago. So, if anybody reads this and hasn't received a reply from me yet – hang on!

Have we been visited by aliens yet?

I don't know. I think the reason people believe in these things is that it's much more fun to believe than not to believe. I would certainly like to think that aliens had visited the Earth, yes.

I remember working on a children's science fiction series and looking up the likelihood of there being other worlds that could support life. It turned out that if you make the assumption that there is one habitable planet to every thousand uninhabitable ones, there are something like fifty million possible Earth-like planets in the galaxy. So, it doesn't seem possible that there isn't any other intelligent life. But why they haven't got anything better to do than hang around Earth flashing lights at us, I really don't know.

Do you enjoy gardening?

No! My wife is a keen gardener and I look at it out of the window. I basically don't enjoy anything that you have to do outdoors. My pleasures invariably take place indoors.

Do you have any pets?

Yes, inevitably we have pets because we have children. We've got three sons, now all grown up. We've had a variety of animals over the years and it's currently running at two cats and a dog. The dog is a sort of large hairy bath-mat called Tiny – the name is actually an offence against the Trades Descriptions Act. We bought this cute little puppy called Tiny and it grew up to be something roughly resembling a Yeti which meanders round the house knocking things over.

How often do you have your hair cut?

Aha! That's a good one. I hate having hair-cuts. I've not been to a barber for something like ten years. My wife cuts my hair. I have it in two stages – 'too short' and 'too long'. At the moment I'm just coming out of the 'too short' stage. One cut will last me about six months. I have it all taken off, giving me this sort of skinhead look and I get called 'turnip-head' by the kids. Then over the six months it gradually gets to the point where it becomes a nuisance and then I have it all off again. So, twice a year I have a brutal, Wormwood Scrubs haircut and that solves the problem for me.

Did you have a childhood hero?

It's hard to think back. I think probably Winston Churchill. Even though I was only a kid in the war I can still remember the speeches and this great figure with the hat and the cigar. Since then I've read and also written a lot about Churchill.

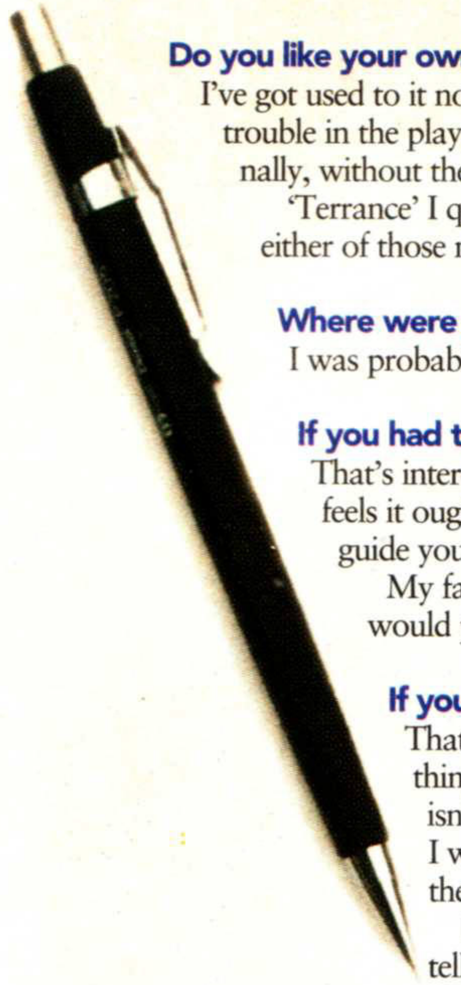
If you were a comic-book super-hero, what special powers would you like to possess?

[Laughing] I think probably shape-changing so I could instantly lose five stone and be incredibly young and handsome again. I'm not a patient person and although one of the things I'm keen to do is get thinner and fitter, it annoys me that I can't do it *now*.

Can you really change the future or is it set in stone?

This is one of the problems that we came up against all the time on *Doctor Who* of course. I think the future is not so much set in stone as set in mud. The image that we used to use on *Who* was of a large river rather like the Mississippi – low, flat and muddy and just rolling remorselessly along. You could throw rocks in, or divert it slightly. So certainly you could maybe change an individual's fate or maybe even the fate of a country or a planet or a civilisation. It would be just a little diversion, a little ripple in the vast river of time that is flowing on.

TARGET
DOCTOR WHO
OUT OF THE TARDIS
TERRANCE DICKS
PRIVATE EYE
PUBLIC SCHOOL GIRLS COME OUT ON TOP



Do you like your own name?

I've got used to it now. I've had it a long time. The fact that there is a certain phallic symbolism in the surname occasionally caused me trouble in the playground when I was a kid. Other than that, it hasn't actually bothered me much in later life. It's a Scottish name originally, without the 'S'.

'Terrance' I quite like. I grew up in the East End and people used to call me Terry all the time, or occasionally Tel. I don't like either of those now – though a fan magazine once referred to me as 'El Tel', which is quite flattering.

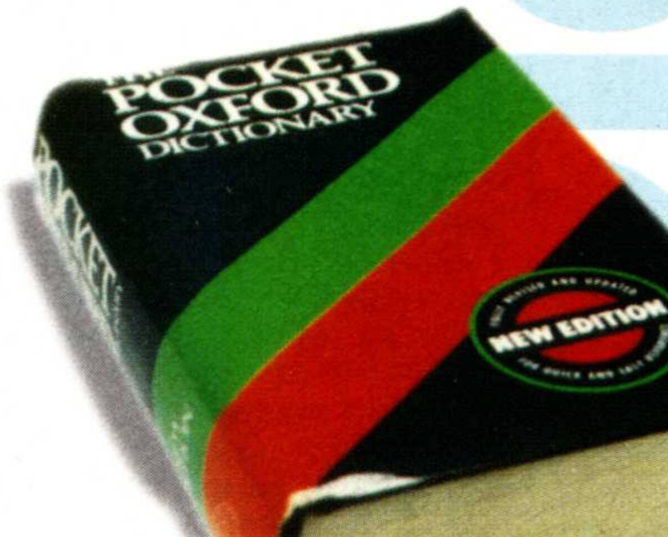
Where were you when you heard Kennedy had been assassinated?

I was probably watching the first episode of *Doctor Who*.

If you had to memorise a book, what would it be?

That's interesting. Memorising a book would be a formidable task, though I've got quite a good memory. I don't know . . . One feels it ought to be something useful like Machiavelli or Marcus Hurelius or something like that – something you could use to guide you through life.

My favourite book is Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*, which I've read over and over again. I know chunks of that already, so it would probably be that.



If you had three wishes, what would they be?

That's really difficult . . . I don't have the sort of mind that is always wishing things were different. I'm reasonably content with the way things are, so there isn't anything that leaps to mind.

I wouldn't mind being thinner but since I love food and wine and hate exercise, the prospect of this seems unlikely.

I wouldn't mind being younger. People constantly come up to me now and tell me that they learnt to read on their mother's knee with one of my *Doctor Who* novelisations. On my *New Adventure* books it says on the blurb copy on the back that "Terrance Dicks is the elder statesman of *Doctor Who*". It makes you feel like George Bernard Shaw with a beard down to the knees.

The Duchess of Windsor said it's impossible to be too thin or too rich. So if you put the three together I guess I would like to be younger, thinner and richer.

What is the worst song you have ever heard?

There was a song called *You Are My Sunshine* I used to hate when I was young, it's an old pop song from the Forties. Rolf Harris singing *Two Little Boys* would have to be a strong candidate.

I don't like pop music. Not only do I not like it, I absolutely hate it.

Of all your clothes, what is your favourite single item?

A while back I think it would have been my Burberry rain coat. I love Humphrey Bogart-style trench coats, which has probably got something to do with my passion for *film noir* and that kind of thing. However, thanks to the heat wave, it's been a long time since I've worn that.

I always wear pretty much the same thing – jeans, a denim shirt and a sports jacket. I've got several versions of this. They don't actually alter very much.

If you could swap places with a member of the opposite sex for a day, who would you be?

[Laughing] I wouldn't do it! I do think it's a man's world. I do think that women have a much harder time. As a man I'd sooner it stayed a man's world because it quite suits me. I can understand how women feel because for a long time they've had a rotten deal and still do have in most parts of the world. So that's an offer that I would refuse.

What skill or talent would you most like to possess?

I've had two left feet all my life – I'm not very well co-ordinated. So I think one might have occasional dreams of being a really great cricketer or something like that.

What was the last video you bought?

The X Files, which I bought for a fiver at my local video shop. I can tell you the *next* video I'm going to buy. I heard on the radio that they're releasing a John Wayne movie called *Hondo* that came out in the Fifties and hasn't been available on video. They're doing one of these digitally remastered jobs on it.

What is your earliest memory of *Doctor Who*?

It would be staying with my girlfriend and future wife and, as it were, my future mother-in-law. I was with them for the weekend and so when it was five o'clock on the Saturday, I naturally rushed to the television and put *Doctor Who* on. My mother-in-law to-be said "Do we have to watch that horrible show?" and I said "Yes, we do!" That would have been way back in the Hartnell days, long before I had any real connection with it.

What do you see, a glass half full of water or a glass half empty?

Half full. It has always been half full for me. I think that this is one of the big divisions in life. There are people who are basically optimistic and think that things might be tough but believe they can cope and it's basically going to be okay. Then there are the people who think, "This is all terrible, why is this happening to me?", all that kind of thing.

I think the 'half full' mentality is a very strong prerequisite for both success and for happiness. You see, if you are gloomy all the time, life's inevitable problems will get you down. Buddha said "Life is suffering". Once you get used to that idea then life can be quite fun!

Yes, it would be half full. Completely full would be even better, particularly if it was a glass of wine rather than a glass of water.

Terrance Dicks' New Adventures novel, *Shakedown*, is published on December 7th.

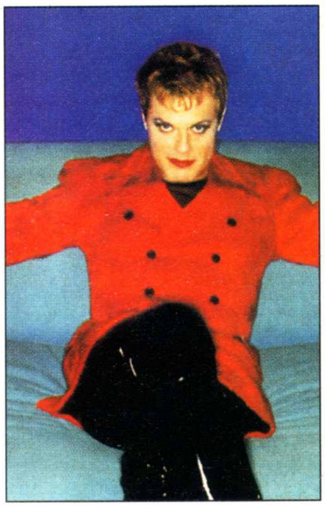
Interview by
John Ainsworth

Photography by
Robin Prichard

Gallifrey Guardian

Doctor Who TV movie production delayed

Partners search for common ground



The varied demands of the many parties involved with the planned *Doctor Who* TV movie seem to be slowing progress to a crawl.

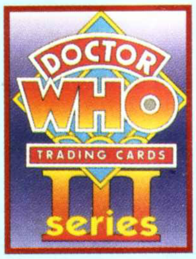
Since our last update, a spokesman for the new project has indicated that the period of negotiation and consultation following the delivery of Matthew Jacobs' script has been considerably lengthened as each member of the production consortium – BBC Worldwide, Universal, Fox and executive producer Philip Segal's own production company – has attempted to guarantee that the film meets all of their budgetary, storyline, casting and merchandising requirements.

The BBC is understandably keen that the film effectively carries on from where their TV series left off. Sylvester McCoy (still the current Doctor in the eyes of the BBC) recently confirmed that he has been approached by Segal to reprise the role for a brief regeneration sequence. Segal has made it clear that certain elements from "the original show" will be retained, including the TARDIS' police box appearance, the theme music and the Master – although rumours that the Master will be a snake-like alien and the Doctor will have a love affair with his companion are, as yet, unconfirmed.

Across the Atlantic, the American partners in the deal are, perhaps also understandably, looking for a production which "stands alone", and does not rely heavily on material from earlier stages in *Doctor Who*'s history. They are looking for a production which effectively relaunches the basic concept of the series for the American audience – most of whom, they fear, have never heard of the programme.

These diametrically opposed approaches appear to have caused a minor deadlock in the development of the film. A pre-production start-date of February 1996 is now being mooted, which may still, sadly, be optimistic. **DWM** will keep you informed.

Finally, in our now regular piece of 'hunt the new Doctor' photo news, this month's favourite rumour appears to be that the prodigiously talented actor and stand-up comedian Eddie Izzard (above) has been offered the role of the Doctor.



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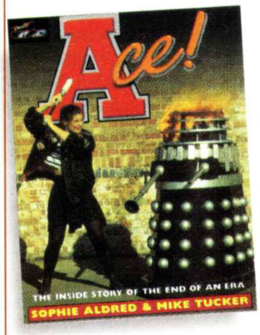
Video news

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE MONSTER OF PELADON
Starring JON PERTWEE
DOUBLE VIDEO PACK

BBC Video has confirmed that *The Monster of Peladon* will go on sale, in double-pack format, on 27th December. The cover artwork shown here is by Colin Howard. **DWM** has already prepared the inlay text for *The Hand of Fear*, which will reach the shops in early February. *The Happiness Patrol* has been confirmed for March, most probably paired with *Time-Flight*. The latter release has yet to be confirmed, and may be replaced at a late stage by *The Green Death*.

Other news

- Virgin has announced that the September 1996 *Missing Adventure* will be *The Secret of the Web Planet* by the prolific Chrisopher Bulis. It will feature the Second Doctor, Jamie and Victoria and forms a sequel to the television serial *The Web Planet*. The December *New Adventure* will be *Bad Therapy*, from Marvel's very own Matthew Jones. As the as-yet unconfirmed November *New Adventure* will be Forrester's last book, the Doctor's only companion in Matthew's story will be Chris Cwej.


Ace!
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THE NEW
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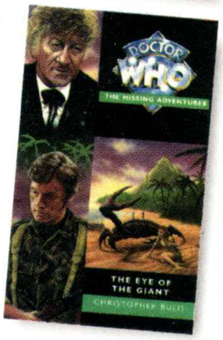
ADVENTURES
DEATH AND DIPLOMACY
DAVE STONE



Shown here are the covers to the upcoming *New Adventure*, *Death and Diplomacy* (Bill Donohoe's cover art depicts Bernice with her future husband Jason Kane), the *Missing Adventure*, *The Eye of the Giant*, which features an illustration by Paul Campbell, and 1996's major non-fiction work *Ace!*

- The **Doctor Who Magazine** Winter Special will be published in February, and will be an exhaustive guide to the Peter Cushing Dalek movies. Contrary to rumours published elsewhere, **DWM** will continue to publish regular special issues, but they will not form a traditional winter/summer schedule. Because of this shift to an irregular schedule, the specials have been removed from our subscription offer.

Outside the Spaceship

Obituary: **James Maxwell**, who played Jackson in *Underworld* and guest parts in various series including *The Avengers* and *The Saint*, died on 18th August after a short illness aged sixty-six. **Donald Bisset**, who played the Laird Colin McLaren in *The Highlanders*, died the same day aged eighty-four. **George Raistrick**, a guard at the work centre in Episode Three of *Day of the Daleks*, died at home on 12th September aged sixty-four following a performance at the Lyttleton Theatre as Arturo Taddei in *La Grande Maggia* alongside Bernard Cribbins, who was reported to be deeply upset by the news.

Doctors: **Patrick Troughton** could be seen as Captain Wilcox in *The Moonraker*, a 1958 film broadcast by Channel 4 on 1st October which had a supporting cast that included George Baker (*Full Circle*), Sylvia Syms (*Ghost Light*), Marius Goring (*The Evil of the Daleks*) and Clive Morton (*The Sea Devils*).

Jon Pertwee turned up during Children's ITV's fortieth anniversary celebrations on 16th October as Worzel Gummidge for a cup of tea and a slice of cake. He seems able to recreate Worzel's voice somewhat better than his radio version of the Doctor!

Before the fifth series has even completed broadcasting, a sixth series of *Medics* has been commissioned by ITV for 1996. It is expected that **Tom Baker** will return as Professor Geoffrey Hoyt for another year.

Peter Cushing was at the forefront of Channel 4's Fright Weekend starring in a triple bill of horror films on 17th November: *From Beyond the Grave, Blood Beast Terror* and *The Ghoul*.

Companions: **William Russell** played thespian Mo Meredrew in the *Casualty* episode *Halfway House* on 14th October.

Jean Marsh made a guest appearance on the first edition of the current series of *Rory Bremner – Who Else?* on 7th October and has been nominated for a CableAce Award (to be announced on 2nd December) as Best Supporting Actress in a movie or mini-series category for her work in the HBO production *Fatherland*. She faces stiff opposition from actresses Diana Rigg, Kay Lenz, Lolita Davidovich and Shirley knight.

Caroline John's performance as Miss Burrows in the three-part *Dorothy L Sayers' Mystery Gaudy Night* was broadcast by UK Gold during October.

Lalla Ward played Judith Stolle in *The Rainbow Ends Here*, a UK Gold-repeated episode of *Van der Valk* on 27th September.

Bonnie Langford, who has recorded the song *How Could You Believe It When I Said I Loved You* from Royal Wedding for BBC1's *Showstoppers*, featured in Radio 2's *When the Going Gets Tough* on 3rd October, discussing with presenter Philip Fashanu her struggle over the years to break out of the child-star mould into the role of an adult performer. She also appeared on *The Big Breakfast* on 11th October talking about her forthcoming wedding and was a victim of the infamous Dennis Pennis on the 15th October edition of BBC2's *Sunday Show*.

Richard Pearce (Radio *Who*'s Jeremy Fitzoliver) is providing more voices for the third series of *Budgie the Little Helicopter*, and recently played various parts in the Radio 4 series *Great Escapes* about prisoners who escaped from POW camps during World War II.

Writers: **Louis Marks** has managed to reassemble the team behind the highly successful *Middlemarch*, including writer Andrew Davies, to produce a BBC feature film adaptation of George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* in the new year.

Stephen Gallagher is contributing episodes to the second season of *Bugs*, production of which got underway in October and continues until March. He is also acting as script consultant with Colin Brake. The new season will be broadcast in the spring.

Eric Pringle, who adapted the recent three-part Radio 4 drama *Parson Harding's Daughter* by Joanna Trollope, has been nominated for a 1995 Writers' Guild Award in the Children's Radio category for his adaptation of *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase*. In the best dramatisation category, **Stephen Wyatt** has been nominated for *Dead Souls*.

Delta and the Bannermen's **Malcolm Kohll** is the co-producer of a film budgeted at $8 million, titled *No Regrets* which is in development by Focus Films. He continues to work on the screenplay to *Chastity Brogan — US Marshall* (see **DWM** 222).

Directors: **Tony Virgo** (*The King's Demons*) has been appointed Head of Television Drama at BBC Pebble Mill, Birmingham, succeeding Chris Parr who has moved to London as Head of Drama Series. Virgo, a former *EastEnders* producer, will resign as a director of Ikona Films in November when he takes up the new appointment. In the meantime he is producing the second series of *The Vet*.

Chris Clough, who produced the special three-part storyline of *The Bill* broadcast in October, claims he is enjoying producing much more than he expected, despite the fact that during the special's most expensive scene there was a partial disaster when a huge rainstorm drenched hundreds of extras, causing a huge increase in the production's budget.

Miscellaneous: Davros Mark II **David Gooderson** has been appearing in *Chetwode, Sandy & Co.* at Richmond's Orange Tree.

Master Mark III **Geoffrey Beevers** recently had a role as a judge in Radio 4's *The Archers*.

Planet of Fire's **Peter Wyngarde**, best known as Jason King, had to retire from a production of *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* in September at the Liverpool Playhouse when he fell ill during the first preview.

Further to **DWM**s 229 and 231, it transpires that the black-and-white fourth season of *The Avengers* is the one being screened by Channel 4 with the colour fifth to follow if ratings justify it. The fourth year includes **Bernard Cribbins** in *The Girl From Auntie* and scripts by **Robert Banks Stewart** (*The Master Minds/Quick-Quick Slow Death*), **Malcolm Hulke** (*The Gravediggers*) and **John Lucarotti** (*Castle De'ath*).

Dominic May

COMING IN ISSUE 234

Verity Lambert

The foremost of *Doctor Who*'s early producers discusses the series' origins, development and future in the first part of a major new interview.

The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs

The series' most recent producer recalls his work on Season Eighteen.

New Adventuring . . .

We speak to Rebecca Levene of Virgin books about her company's approach to *Doctor Who* – with additional comments from many of her authors.

Mawdryn Undead

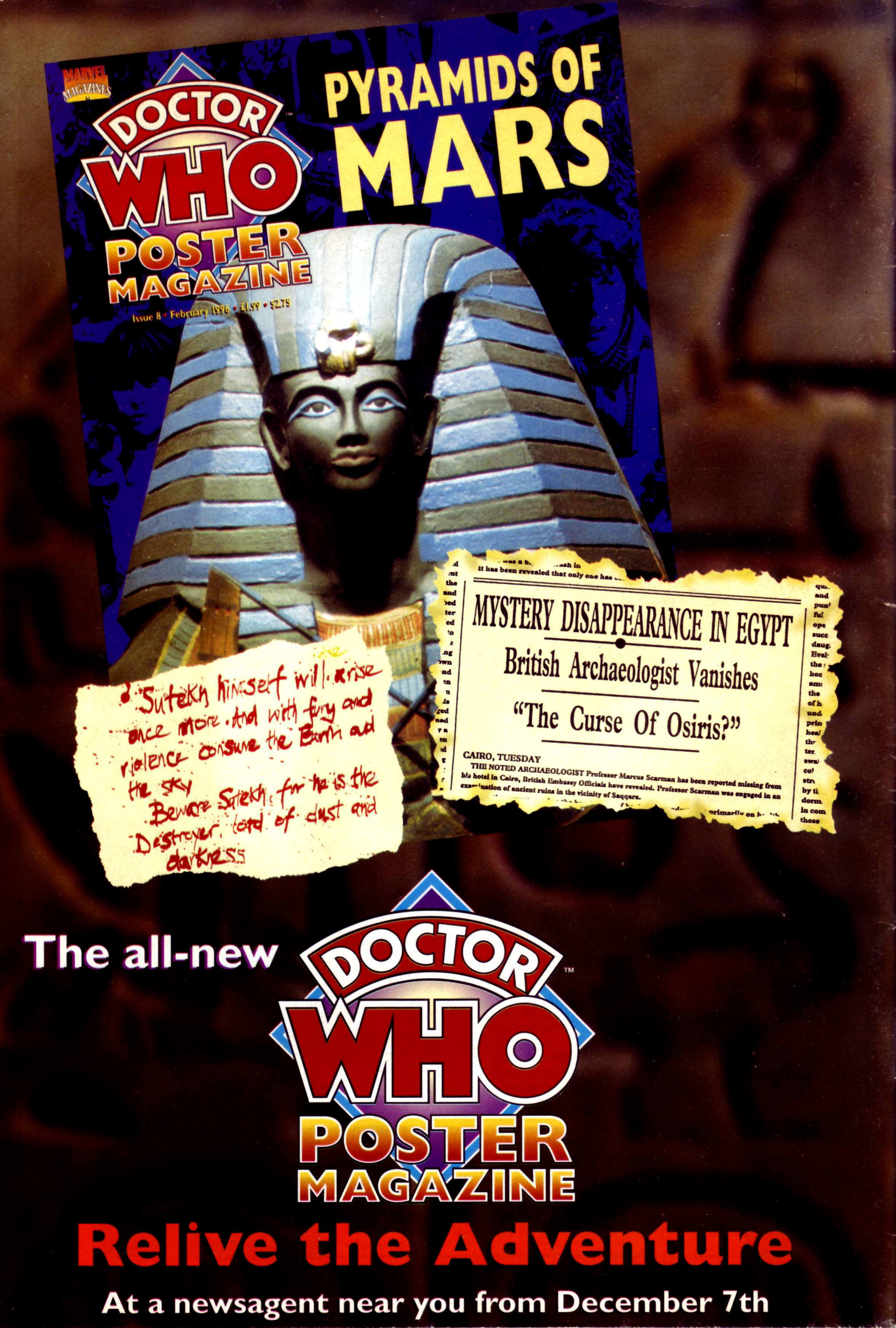
A full archive on the Peter Davison time-slip tale, with behind-the scenes facts, figures and new photographs.

Target Practice

by Gareth Roberts and Adrian Salmon

Complete this issue. The Doctor and Jo are summoned by the Brigadier to a disused airfield, where there is a shock in store . . .

on sale 21st December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MYSTERY DISAPPEARANCE IN EGYPT

British Archaeologist Vanishes

"The Curse Of Osiris?"

CAIRO, TUESDAY

THE NOTED ARCHAEOLOGIST Professor Marcus Scarman has been reported missing from his hotel in Cairo, British Embassy Officials have revealed. Professor Scarman was engaged in an examination of ancient ruins in the vicinity of Saqqara.

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